

THE
GREAT MODERN PAINTERS





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GREAT MODERN PAINTERS

ENGLISH, FRENCH, GERMAN, etc.

MEDALLISTS OF SUCCESSIVE UNIVERSAL EXPOSITIONS

STEEL-PLATES IN COLORS

TEXT

By the Principal Art-Critics



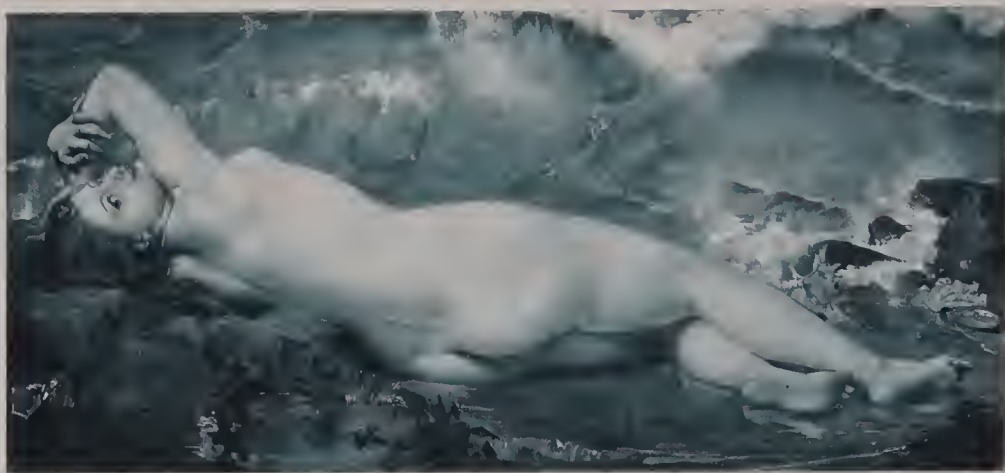
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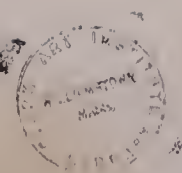


PAUL BAUDRY



If any work is to remain as the initial and complete monument of the renovation of decorative painting of the nineteenth century, it will be the ensemble of the foyer de l'Opéra by Paul Baudry. For nothing so magnificently genial has been conceived since the few great pages of the Renaissance.

It is unnecessary to describe these five hundred square metres that the artist has animated, in one great apotheosis of the ideal, with the purest and also the oldest known plastic symbols of the human mind. Dominated by the goddess of the place "Musique", that is to say by "Mélodie" and "Harmonie" that enlaced are rising towards Empyreans; diaphanous, and lighter without wings than the "Gloire" who has spread hers or than "Poésie" on Pegasus, the human race displays itself, its civilisation being personified by the gods and heros of mythology. On one



side "le Génie hellénique", surround Homer glorified, on the other "le Parnasse" where Apollo with his court and the genius of modern music are at the fountain of Hippocrene. Then the fatal "Melpomène" and the laughing "Thalie" each surrounded by their ordinary attendants. Lower down the "Musique guerrière", "Orphée dans l'Adès" and "Orphée

déchiré par les Ménades", "Saül et David", "Marsyas", "Salomé", "le Jugement de Pâris", "les Bergers de Théocrite", "les Corybantes autour du berceau de Jupiter", "Sainte Cécile", and finally the muses, except "Polymnie", who is to be found dreaming in the retirement of Parnassus; and ten medallions, in groups of three for the musical instruments of each race from the Egyptian sistre to the French drum.

The astonishing power of conception of this ensemble has already been remarked, also the learned and renewed



youthfulness of erudition, and the evocation so very French and at the same time so Attic of the immortal legend. Let us also recall the extraordinary decorative facility that is only equalled by those Renaissance frescoes in the palaces of Venice. Baudry's palette that had already been affirmed as so limpid, daring and agreeable becomes yet brighter in this extra-terrestrial apotheosis, defying the most adventurous problems of coloring without shadows, and solving them by force of temerity and scholarly seductions. Violent red, clear blue, pure green, yellow, even

black mingles in a perfect and unexpected harmony, without disparities or shocks, the brilliancy never injuring the strength, and the strength never taking away from the brightness.

Without prejudice to his other pages less sublime and overwhelming, this will be Baudry's masterpiece, an intimate and absolute revelations of his genius. And what other domain would be more appropriate for him? A french son of the naturalists of the Renaissance, he is elated with the noble and elegant phases of nature, voluptuous silhouettes bent in the most audacious



foreshortenings, particularly in the perspective of ceilings. He sees his subjects long and slender, he likes the extremities delicate not with the mannered exaggeration of the masters of the Fontainebleau school, but by fixing, in their essential lines, with a quiet and sure eye, the relation of the movements as they entwine and counterbalance each other by opposing or appealing in exuberant arabesques. At the side of this idealization of plastic sensualities and in his penetration into the mysteries of types in women and adolescents, his renovation of the decorative vision shines forth. As soon as he was able to free his science of the rhetoric of the official nude, and this was from the time of his sending from Rome "la Vestale", until he arrived later, to

representing by magisterial demonstrations the new laws for the arrangements of groups, so rapidly did his brush free itself from the layings in of the heavy palette dear to the romantic school, and attain the most radiant transparency that oil can give, from luminous carnations to diaphanous



tones without falling into the insipidity of the last century, with shadows reduced to their least expression without the modeling being weakened, in brief to the dazzling technic of the "Glorification de la Loi" and the "Vision de saint Hubert".

In that Zenobie that obtained for the young artist, when but twenty-one years old, his prize of Rome, and that yet is to be seen at l'Ecole des Beaux-Arts, has he not there by a precocious trial of full light already entrenched upon the neighboring canvases, his competitors?

At Rome the first infatuation of Baudry was for Caravage with his brutalities and opacity, but soon his eyes were bathed in the light of the sky of Naples, and Parma was his road to Damascus, and it was Venice that finally crystallized his instincts that had been until then fumb-

ling about and he was revealed to himself.

Henceforth attached to elegance and brilliancy, Baudry has but once failed in fidelity, to his rejuvenated smiling Olympe, by trying the dramatic when he exhibited, in 1862, his "Marat" a sober and thrilling page of history where the effect that has been sought for is that indicated in Michelet's

account the "pertrified" attitude of Charlotte Corday, of the woman overpowered by the sight of blood.

We have commenced this study with the decorations of the Opera. But Baudry had preluded this colossal ensemble by important compositions of the same genre. In 1855, for the Salon of M. Achille Fould, he made twelve groupés of three genii bearing the attributes of the twelve great gods and formed like a necklace, supple in line and agreeable in color, the clasp being two notes in cameos, Diane and Venus. Then, he exhibited beside his Marat, the reductions of two panels to be placed above doorways for the house of the comtesse de Nadaillac at Passy: "Cybèle" and "Amphitrite" slender and refined in drawing and rare and luminous in tone. And for the house of the duc de Galliera, the five cities of Italy very ingeniously conceived in historical figures but in which the artist sacrificed the charms and resources of local tone and the generous richness of his palette to the exigencies imposed by a decorative ensemble. Finally and especially, we had a presentiment of the Baudry of the Opera in the paintings of the delicious hôtel of M^{me} de Païva in the Champs-Élysées: there Aurora, Apollo, Vesper and Hebe figure as the four phases of day, in the evenings mythological interludes in the purest and best style developing and illustrating these four stages, the ensemble of a high and powerful inspi-



ration forms an ideal vista in yellow, violet, orange and blue, softened by the azure of the air and the secondary tints of the genii carrying attributes and contributing to sustain the covings in a calm and solid architectural tone.

In 1864, having a presentiment, thanks to friendly indiscretions, that



he would be commissioned to decorate the foyer of the Nouvel Opéra, Baudry believed it to be his duty to make as it were a retreat at the source of great decorative art : Rome. There returning to the villa Médicis as a volunteer pupil he made himself familiar for the first time with Michael-Angelo by executing eleven large copies of his works, not however without renewing his allegiance with his master Correggio of whom he restored the " Danaé " and which inspired his " Diane surprise " that Diane with delicate and warm carnations chasing cupid who flies away almost imponderable. Schnetz who was still director as in 1851 when Baudry was pensioner with his friend Garnier, came to see the Diana and shook his head a little, before this work of a new creed. M. Baudry made of this

visit a telling recital to his colleagues of the Institut.

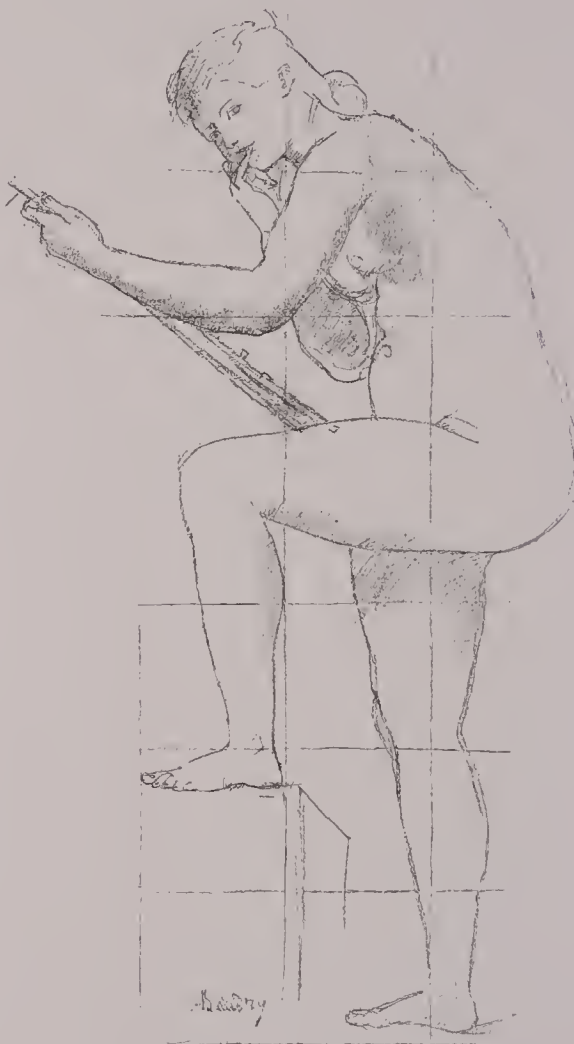
The paintings for the Opera were interrupted by the franco-german war. Baudry like his brother Ambroise and so many others simply did his duty, then returned to complete his work. Our artist employed the forced holiday that the Commune made for him in travelling and painting a few

portraits of friends, with the copies of seven cartoons of Raphael in the Kensington Museum, these were the only works that he allowed himself, during the eight years of prolific maturity that his reclusion under the roof of the Opera absorbed; the one hundred and forty thousand francs which he received only indemnified him for the material expenditure.

Thus since 1874, after this work which was a great and expensive sacrifice, Baudry one of the most glorious but least rich of the artists of France, depended on portraits for his daily bread.

The portraits of Baudry are classed amongst the finest of the modern school. These are not to be viewed from a decorative view nor simply as fine bits of painting to please the eyes, neither as accessories nor audacious coloring, but just the human physiognomy with its immediate surroundings. In the great tradition, the esthetic of this artist is that of Holbein, Clouet and the more profound Italians, those that sacrifice episodic curiosities to give fuller meaning to sincere and unique expression. Patient and penetrating psychologist with a sober positive and absolute handling, and with this an impersonality that has not been sufficiently ac-

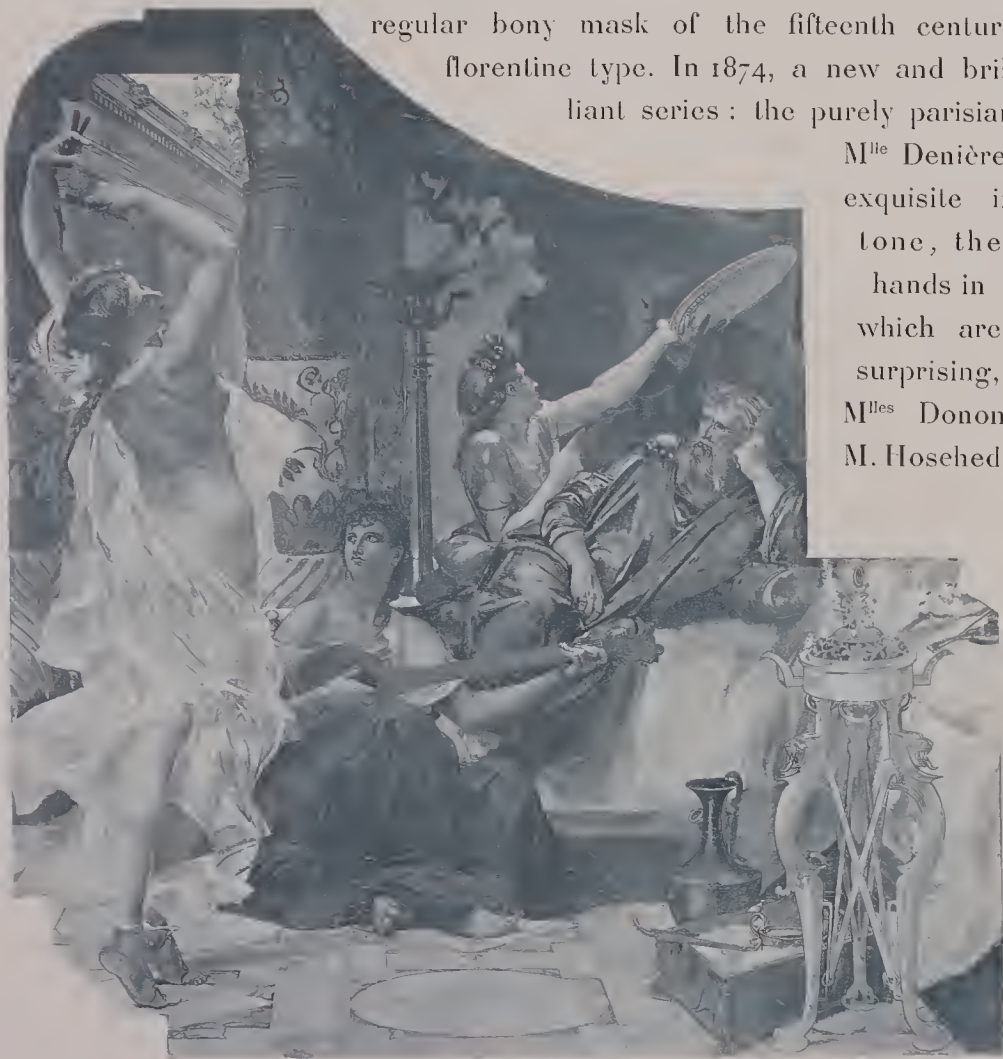
knowledge, and thanks to which he is able to bend to the temperament of his sitters instead of making them all pass under the same monotonous and subjective formula, such are the rare qualities displayed in the long series of portraits from those of baron Jard de Panvillier and the comte Foucher de Careil, in 1855, to that of M^{me} Bernstein and her son, this last, we think, a remarkable piece conceived like an historical page. After the austere



and almost symbolic portrait of M. Guizot so different from that painted by Paul Delaroche, and that divided the honors of the Salon of 1865 with that of the portrait of the prince Napoléon, painted by Flandrin; we will mention rapidly : Beulé, Charles Dupin, M^{me} Brohan, Eugène Giraud, Ambroise Baudry standing out against a green background the delicate pallor of his melancholy head forming a companion picture to that of M. About, in travelling cap, so fine and caustic, Creseent père, Guillaume Guizot, Alfred André, Gérard, the countesses de Belbœuf, de Labédoyère and de Nadaillac. Then at Nantes during the Commune, M^{me} Cézard so fascinating in her almost provincial simplicity, on a pale green background full of light, a real find for a colorist; M. and M^{me} Massion and M^{me} Chessé.

We have omitted that of Charles Garnier, Rembrandt like, in spite of its regular bony mask of the fifteenth century florentine type. In 1874, a new and brilliant series : the purely parisian

M^{lle} Denière, exquisite in tone, the hands in which are surprising, M^{lles} Donon, M. Hosehedé





and M^{lle} Hoschedé, M. and M^{me} Breton-Hachette, the young Ch. de Montebello, M^{me} Boselli, of flemish suavity, the sculptor Guillaume, M. Badin the son, and finally a masterly page, whose boldness astonished the Salon of 1876 compromising a success that has been more than reconquered since, the général comte Palikao, leaning on a chestnut horse in a battle-field landscape, a type of the accomplished superior officer that was to be met with under the second Empire. After some important works, Baudry added to this wonderful collection : Cricri, a little girl, eighteen months old, an astonishing warm and bright artistic sketch like what Velasquez might have painted a day when he was good-humored; the spiritual figure of the little A..., M^{me} E... in a Rubens costume and treated in a decorative sentiment appropriate to its place over a chimney piece, a child on a lounge "on horse-back"; M. L. Goldsmidt and Henri Schneider, large in their small frames, M^{mes} Stern and Singer, the young Galitzin and the young Fould, M^{me} Chevreux and so many others.



Before writing of the Exhibition at the Orangerie in 1882 and the new decorative pictures that Baudry brought together there, let us note the first exhibition of the rue de Sèze. Here were to be seen, with the Madeleine of 1859 of milky carnations so exquisite in its earthly youthfulness, "La Vague et la Perle", that chef-d'œuvre that was so splendidly greeted at its apparition. On a luminous morning a high glaucous blue wave, fringed with silver and sweeping all the canvas with its volute, has just deposited upon the sand, amidst the seaweed and shell-fish, a child without covering, seen from the back but turning its head around to smile at us with its astonished green eyes and coralline mouth, a living flower of the sea, formed by the foam and

reflections, modeled by the billows. The artist has in this arrived at an adorable perfection of the feminine nude, what incredible delicacy of tissues and of virgin pulp in this pearl that rises in light against the blueness of the wave casket. No glazings, nor rubbings in, no visible virtuosoship of touch, all traces of composition and artifice have disappeared to leave only the divine and breathing life.

The "Glorification de la Loi", in the Salon of 1881 had been received with unusual homage, by the unanimous acclamations of the jury of



admission, and at once without any possible concurrence it was selected for the *médaille d'honneur* then for the first time given by the vote of all the artists. Here as always Baudry had known how to make himself young again without excentricity or affectation; his eight personages are perfectly placed in aspect and appearance being neither austere nor didactic but indulgent rather, and treated with a springlike delicacy of the purest nineteenth century, the pedestal being shown at an angle makes a harmony of prominent lines that gives to the whole an unforeseen movement. The light draperies swell out as if about to fly away or break into folds with easy negligence, thus showing more or less the lines of the figures, all this with such a personal art! More than ever the figures

are modeled in full light without useless shadows, or weak tricks, the local tone keeping all its harmony, and the total harmony results not from the mutual concessions of colors and calculated gradations, but from a happy assortment, where each tone holds its value as each flower does in a flower garden.



“La Vision de saint Hubert” that decorates the chimney piece of the grande salle in the chateau of Chantilly, is one of the most astonishing audacities of Baudry whose device would seem to be *plus ultra*. This has been very hotly discussed, some have determined to see in it a learned whimsicalness, others a challenge to sanctioned and necessary traditions of composition. They were accustomed to the everlasting patron of hunts-

men piously kneeling before the miraculous cross. Here in a wintry landscape lit up by sunlight without shadows, we find him under the features of the duc de Chartres, like a primitive Capet, dressed in the byzantine style, seen suddenly arrested in all the ardor of desperate pursuit before, the white and luminous stag erect, on the summit of the landscape, raising its eyes to the sky. In an ingenious assembly of figures, animals,



forest trees and hunting implements, of singular but scrupulous archæology, a page, under the sympathetic features of the young duc d'Orléans, holds a horse whilst the pack of hounds are restless, not petrified by the miraculous apparition, but yelping and howling.

This same Exhibition of 1882, that amateurs have not yet forgotten showed as a contrast above the "Saint Hubert", the "Repas des nocces de Psyché", a large composition that ornaments at present the palace of M. William K. Vanderbilt, of New-York.

This tone of mockery that is almost sacrilegious in nowise lessens the grandeur and the

harmony of conception or the ingenious expression of the decorative details. It is all in a bright clear light now dazzling, now caressing, always exquisite, clever and light in drawing, giving here the impression of a sketch, and there of a portion the perfection of finish. Four corner pieces contain as the attributes of the principal divinities, groups of genii with translucent wings like enamels, the dominant tones repeated in the accessories are those of the central panel, the principal melody with a symphonic accompaniment.

Baudry has taken from this composition his well known painting,

"l'Amour et Psyché", but with notable changes as was necessary when it became an easel picture, a perfect model of modern idealization of ancient symbols.

Let us hasten to note so as to be as complete as possible in this review of Baudry's works: "La Vérité", of the Salon of 1883, so rare in coloring, a little "Ève", a "Femme fellah"; "La Vierge, Jésus et saint Jean"; the three compositions that have become popular: the "Diplôme



de l'Exposition de 1878" and the obverse and reverse of the new bank bill; finally a very recent work, the "Enlèvement de Psyché" a ceiling for Chantilly.

We have just space enough left to say what perhaps we should have commenced with. Baudry was born the 7th of november 1828, at La Roche-sur-Yon, in that Vendée. His father a robust countryman, an indefatigable walker and advocate of life in the open air, early communicated to his son in their long walks, a love of nature, and the master speaks to day gratefully of this initiation. Then the young Paul who was an excellent pupil of the common school, was no more troubled at the beginning by the incomplete balderdash of the University, than later he was to be by the instruction in the

atelier. This was Drolling's atelier where Baudry arrived one fine morning in 1844, having shown decidedly more vocation for painting than for the violin or the school of Angers, and carrying a pension of..... four hundred francs that the municipal council of his native city had voted him.

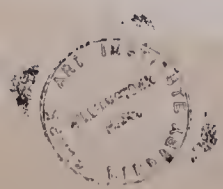
Baudry brought with him to Drolling purity of vision, and a virginity of absolute impressions, with real foundation of the immediate picturesque which he has preserved intact, though always refining. After six years spent in the atelier, when he was twenty-one years old, he as first *grand prix*, left for Rome and Italy, where he passed five years under the

direction of Schnetz, whom twenty years later he was to succeed at the Académie des Beaux-Arts.

Baudry is at present fifty six years old. He has always accustomed us to the unforeseen, and thinks that one should not come before the public without submitting to it something new and daring. The public is now expecting the continuation of the compositions, of Jeanne d'Arc, the humbly terrestrial and symbolic heroine that has already tempted so many brushes. Thus we await a monument worthy of this great Frenchman, a surprise from the author of the ceilings of the foyer du Grand-Opéra, at present at his apogee and placed by unanimous verdict in the first ranks of contemporary glories, beside the immortal masters of the sixteenth century the golden age of decorative painting.

CHARLES EPIRUSSE.







JEAN-JACQUES HENNER



Each century before becoming absorbed in the sleep of ages, and to save itself from oblivion, seems to mark its passage in history by leaving the names of the rare and chosen few. And these are those who thirsting for the ideal, have passed their lives, consumed by the generous blood that coursed through their veins, laden with superhuman desires. Henner is one of these men, real redeemers of the human race, who bequeath to the too often ungrateful mass their aspirations, their chefs-d'œuvre, and also something of the insatiableness of their interior flame.

Henner is an incomparable master; before the canvases of this profound poet of the flesh I feel that I am contemplating one of the finest manifestations of human intelligence, and am timidly happy, agitated and inun-

dated with their poesy. Henner, across the centuries can take the hand of Leonardo, Giorgione and Correggio, for in his work there is the same generous strength as in these masters and, in addition, that purely french grace that Prud'hon has so fully expressed.

Henner was born in 1830, in Alsace, at Bernwiller, he was educated at the college of Altkirch; when he was but twelve years old he already desired to be a painter. His parents, who were brave, honest cultivators, encouraged his irresistible vocation, thanks be to them! At fifteen years of age, after following the drawing class of M. Gontzwiller, he entered, at Strasbourg, the atelier of the painter Gabriel Guérin. Three years later, he came to Paris

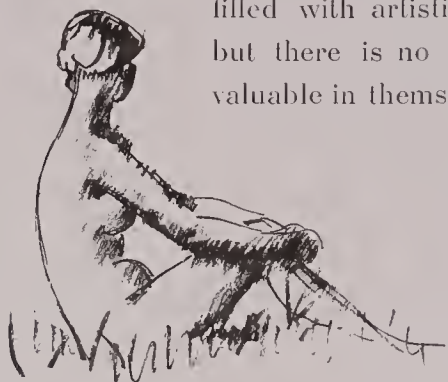
and we find him with Drolling, on the death of this master, and after having received a medal at the Beaux-Arts, he was admitted gratuitously to the atelier Pieot. Five years passed in which Henner copied for the church at Altkirch the superb Christ of Prud'hon, and in 1858, he obtained the prize of Rome for his "Adam et Eve retrouvant le corps d'Abel"; this canvas is in the museum of the Beaux-Arts.

Henner passed five years in Italy, Sehentz was then director of the School. The museum of Colmar possesses two pictures sent to France during his sojourn at Rome: "Le Christ en prison", and "L'enfant à l'orange"; a third is at the Luxembourg: "La chaste Suzanne".

In 1864, Henner returned to France; he had comprehended the great masters and without imitating had continued them, for he also would be one! In 1865, he exhibited a "Biblis" that is at present in the museum of Colmar, and the following year an "Étude de jeune fille" that obtained for him a first medal. Soon after he painted the "Femme au divan noir" (museum of Mulhouse), then that popular figure: "L'Alsace", that belonged to Gambetta, a patriot, like Henner! — We will also mention a very fine copy of Holbein: the "Femme et des enfants", by the master of precise sincerity. Henner had struggled during twenty years with confidence and obstinacy, strong with a patient courage, conscious that he possessed the sacred fire, when in 1872, he exhibited "Idylle" that is now at the



Luxembourg gallery; he had been a talented painter but from that time forward he is a master whose chefs-d'œuvre we have but to count. Henner has lived in the place Pigalle for many years. His atelier is very large and filled with artistic objects : vases, tapestries and bronzes; but there is no affectation of luxury, the things here are valuable in themselves. There is a superb bust of the master



by Paul Dubois, and on the walls, sketches of the painter's wellknown pictures, so many pure chefs-d'œuvre.

Henner may seem cold but he is only reserved. His physiognomy, quietly energetic is full of intelligence; the eye is pleasant but scrutinizing, the forehead broad and the hair turning gray, the mouth is somewhat fawnlike and seems about to sketch an enigmatical smile of mingled goodness and irony. He lets others talk, and only yields his thoughts knowingly not from prudential motives but by discretion. He searches the depths of his interlocutors thoughts with his benevolent, enthusiastic but self-contained glance. He receives in his atelier in his working jacket, and his rosette of the Légion d'honneur looks well on its coarse surface.

Henner is a greek modernized by the Renaissance. He is not impassive but absorbed. He lives in a golden age by climbing the course of centuries and seeking love amongst the harmonious repose of beings and things. He isolates himself in a dream of flesh of placid warmth. Believing in another age, he by means of his work succeeds in making us conceive the possibility of a sensualism beyond our senses.



Before his pictures the mind is deliciously absorbed by the purified

voluptuousness of the atmosphere, atmospheres that seem to escape from the feminine carnations that are created by the brush of this master who in his constant research of perfect and desirable forms preserves the serenity of a divine adorer.



Henner the enchanter! fixes on the canvas the fleeting grace of woman; he eternizes by immortalizing the fugitive beauty of the model. He initiates us in the eternal and mysterious poetry of ideal flesh in its quiet nudity, he accustoms our delighted vision to the sacred rhythm of lines to the poesy of pure beauty. He invites us to the enchantment of immaterial enjoyments, although obtained from matter, but it is deified matter. With this master of the nude everything is agreeable, the forms of his earthly divinities, of his nymphs in full enjoyment of the delightful liberties that ignorance of evil procures. Henner has never been diverted from his goal: the rehabilitation of polluted flesh, the expansion of the being, creature of the creation, offspring of the sun and the swooning earth.

The Luxembourg museum possesses five pictures by Henner. The first in date is: "La chaste Suzanne" (Salon of 1865), which is very Henner-like but is not yet a Henner; the painter was still preoccupied by the accessories and arrangement of the subject, things of which he will be unconscious when he has entered into full possession of his immense talent. Near by this Suzanne which is a life size figure, look at that other canvas of small dimensions but great in power: "Idylle" (Salon of 1872), between these works there is a great gulf, and seven years also. Here the painter has asserted himself, he has given life to his work, he is revealed as the

great master of nude painting, the true painter of flesh in the open air. At the end of the day in the calm of approaching night, two nymphs animate with their proud beauty a profoundly melancholy landscape, one who is seated blows an antique flute; the other listens, standing, a divinely beautiful goddess; and the soft music is absorbed in the silence of this contemplative nature. It is very powerful in sentiment and rendering.

Here also is "Le bon Samaritain" (Salon of 1874), a superb specimen of the nude, remarkably modeled, the tones are contained and show a quiet harmony. In the "Saint G  rome", to the contrary (Salon of 1881), the master has given full liberty to the light that plays in warm white tones on the ascetic flesh tints of the saint.

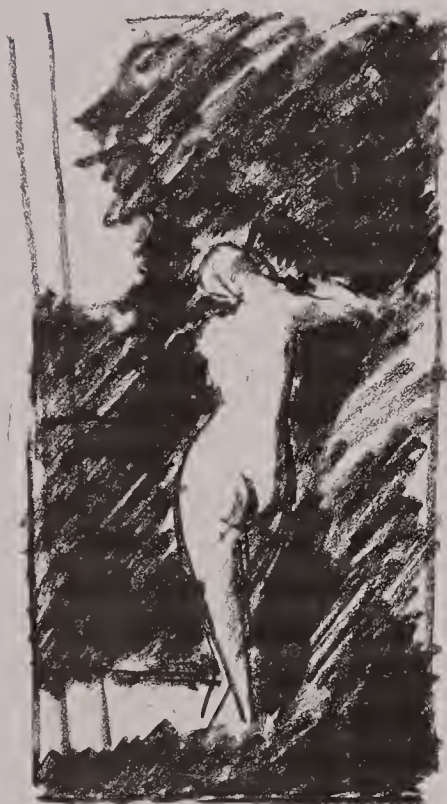
"Na  ade" (Salon of 1875), is the pearl of the Luxembourg collection. Who does not admire this adorable little na  ade? In her graceful heedlessness she is stretched on her back, nude, on the green grass and in front of a dark mass of foliage, near a pale blue spring. Her streaming hair forms a carpet under

the body which is delicately and tenderly lighted, the arms half-extended surround the head and prolong the undulating line of this perfection of nudity. The outlines of this exquisite form seem to fade away in a loving atmosphere, on the ground a narrow border of a fine grey tone seems to discreetly blend the reflections from the grass on the flesh. What tones and what a delight for the eyes! This little na  ade is a painted symphony, painted with a softness and delicacy of flesh that is full of distinction. For Henner



whose brain is weighed down by the beautiful intercourse of light and life, is constantly tormented by his desire to note down his visions, and so being accustomed to accomplish what he undertakes, he takes his palette, and under his fervent touches of color, he creates for us, his wonderful carnal visions, makes them alive, and show them to us in their natural form. To paint his nymphs, those fine, earthly creations, daughters of a recreated Eden he bestows the same love that Raphael devoted to painting his lovely

Virgins, priestesses of a new god.



Henner's painting is prodigiously powerful in its penetration, it clouds the brain, intoxicates the senses it has refined, and holds them fascinated by a troubling unknown charm. This master knows how to extract from the animated form all that the most difficult of pantheists could ask, and each feminine evocation becomes under his brush a living ideal. Certain artists paint the nude with the correction of prose-writers, for Henner it is a great inexhaustible poem and his nude figures appear to me like so many immutable Eves reanimated by color. This word nude that supposes a possibility of clothing, is almost inapplicable to the figures of Henner, in the contemplative solitudes, his women are virtual realities with little or no move-

ment, without other reason for being, they exist because they are! There is the nature and they are the animals... divine animals! Superb plants that have come to light from strength of blood, they are born near fountains, flora of the earth's flesh the latest form of nature always in gestation, these apparitions are the result of that immense desire to live and to love that ceaselessly rises from chaotic depth: it is life in itself, passive and lovely, that awakes in us a captious desire of assimilation of the abstractly beautiful, and makes us long for divine nothingness!

Henner is the astonished dreamer that the awakening call is long in summoning back among his people from the fatherland of the gods, for this

dreamy impressionist is essentially a pagan. His brush glorifies the mystic marriage of beings and things. These creatures, emanations of the water, of shaded woods and troubling twilights are inseparable and are beloved, it



is an intoxication of communicating life. Under intense skies the warm atmosphere outlines by its caresses the silvery whiteness of its naiades, and from their bodies sensual vapors seem to detach delighted to return and mingle with the warmth of the ambient air. The harmony is always complete, the carnations uniting with the dark masses of dim greens and the blues of stagnant waters. Henner toys with the light

of which he is a master, it is not so much a brilliant light as one that envelopes, penetrates and pervades life. Sometimes he illumines a portion of the figure or a spot in the landscape, and so obtains surprising effects by opposition, again almost in shadow he plays another light upon a whiter one, that seems to evaporate from the flesh in warm rays. With this great colorist there is no exaggeration as the color remains almost subjective for it is in the intensity of the effect felt and expressed. This seer paints for himself, he adores the brilliancy of lovely autumn tresses undulating over the pearly whiteness of the flesh, whose softened dazzling light, feline flexibility and carnal suavity are capable of rousing Olympus, here are quiet contrasts and melodious violences. Nothing is turbulent in his painting, Henner preserves the severe melancholy of sacred calmness, he hears the great mysterious voice of silence... the internal song of matter. Eleusis would have had no mysteries for him!



As a portrait painter he is still a master unsurpassed, but in painting feminine portraits he become marvellous. His brush has a lover's cajolings and under an appearance of simplicity betrays refined delicacy in unheard

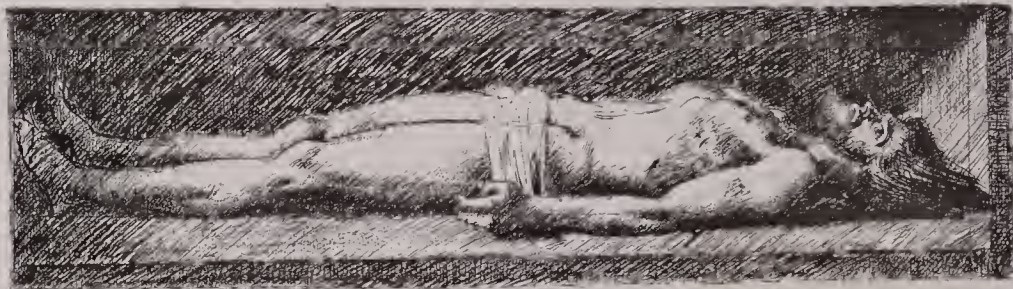
of fineness of modeling and tone, tepid shadows and values carrying the illusion so far that we seem to perceive the vapory breath. In the eyes Henner concentrates the entire intimate poem of the model, and discreetly unveils

to us the charm of the unknown. To paint such portraits it is necessary that the artist should enter somewhat into the life of his sitter, that he should penetrate, take possession and assimilate the inner self. They are privileged beings whom Henner has thus studied, the very essence of their intelligence is fixed forever and the different expressions of their faces are condensed in one that by the genius of the artist expresses them all. We must mention the superb portrait of the master by himself painted for the Uffizzi gallery at Florence; that of "general Chänzy" and of the publisher Charpentier; the "Saint Jean-Baptiste" of the



Salon of 1877, a daring piece of painting which was only a strange portrait of a well-known amateur, the never to be forgotten portrait known as the "Femme au parapluie" (Salon of 1874), that of the comtesse d'Eu, madame Karakéhia, the manly face of Henner's brother executed at Bernwiller in a few hours, the delicious Lauretta, daughter of Heetor Leroux, the painter of vestals, a jewel of a portrait! and so many others, not forgetting that of the greatest thinker and most subtle of poets: Sully-Prudhomme.

Let us return to the works of the master. Many times Henner has painted the christian nude or what was baptised as such but he has always remained pagan in conviction and in style. Magdalens or Christs their savoury flesh were to him only variations of his inexhaustible theme: perfect beauty. Like his italian peers of old hellenic blood he is divine, not christian, although



often his painting does not entirely cover the first draught of the drawing, Henner is not barbarous enough to imprison his figures in insuperable lines, he leaves them, as they should be in full and intimate communion with the background: now fading away from it, now submitting to its invading embrace. Always in the perfection of the image we feel the prolonging of the thought and the master not desiring that our attention should be divided largely condenses the effect. Who after seeing them if only once can forget such pictures as "l'Églogue", "la Fontaine", "la Souree", "Magdeleine", "le Soir", "Bara", "la Femme qui lit"? La Fontaine was exhibited in 1881: a young nymph the right foot resting on the raised stone of a fountain coquettishly gazes at herself, the left hand drawn up against the chest, makes the virginal breast stand out in the soft frame of the bended arm. It is exquisite. The "Source" (Salon of 1882), is a delightful naiade lighting by her undulating nudity the sheltered landscape where no one will intrude to disturb the peace. The "Eglogue" of 1879 was but a magnificent repetition of the "Idylle", in the Luxembourg gallery; but with more vigorous tones in

the landscape and the flesh tones were more penetrating in their brilliancy. The "Idylle" and the "Eglogue", two sister canvases will remain two chefs-d'œuvre of a different note. The "Bara" (Salon of 1882) was and will remain a masterpiece. The heroic youth is dead, stretched upon the ground and nude.

The head is thrown back, and some spots of blood redden his disheveled hair. The young hero has only been hit in the head for the painter would not permit that an ugly wound should disfigure this beautiful body. The softened light shows the miraculous sweetness of the tones of flesh still almost animate and that the fine gray tones of an incomparable delicacy caress. "La femme qui lit" (Salon of 1884) is still in all memories, she is



nude, lying on the right side, the head is half raised and rests upon the hand, she is reading. She reads without the slightest covering hiding from us any portion of her admirably tempting figure. The picture is lighted in the face, and never perhaps has Henner given feminine flesh more sweetness and transparency, never has he enveloped it with so voluptuous a haze of warm lights. In the Triennial exhibition of 1883, Henner showed us under the name of "la Religieuse en prière" the completed figure that he had exhibited in the preceding May, a splendid work this time, of which our erudite contemporary, Paul Mantz has said: "The first edition only showed us a charming and delicate head, the "Religieuse" is to day shown in full length and she has but become more seductive in her increased size. It is a combination of black and white, but here the vocabulary declares itself vanquished for it does not contain any word with which to express to what family belongs the white of the headband that is placed on the forehead and the very different

white of the youthful face, and the deep varied supple blacks of the dress that the religious wears. For refined connoisseurs this painting is the definitive of seduction."

One of the finest of Henner's pictures : the "Andromède" has also only been seen at the Triennial of 1883, it dates from 1880 and had not been exhibited. It belongs to M. Raffalowich and is perhaps the most highly finished the most intense work of the master, a picture to be followed up, and that will have a history. Henner has here affirmed but without brutality the sometimes almost tragic power of contrasts in color. The daughter of Cepheus beautiful among the most beautiful, is standing nude fastened to the rock, that is lashed by the sinister sea, by iron bracelets riveted on the delicate wrists, neither the monster nor the liberator are in view, and the antique drama is more keen in consequence as all is known and foreshadowed. Andromeda, with head thrown back her heavy golden-red locks that are slightly stirred by the sea breeze fall almost to her feet, this heavy fleece of the goddess is incompetent to hide the beauty of the sacrificed, stands out boldly, against the two strong and almost hostile blues of the sea and sky. The body thus curved, displays from the throat to the feet an undulating line of beautiful flesh that may well cause painters to despair! It is that disquieting moment when the day fades away before the terrors of the night, and here is Andromeda exposed to the fury of the monster! seen from the side and back she receives the light from above from whence the liberator is to come, and all one side of the body is kept in shadowy flesh tones that gives more value to the tepid brightness of the lines of the face. The landscape is terrifying, the intentional narrowness of the canvas, two metres by one and one tenth metre, renders the effect doubly startling, it centres the fright and throws the



interest on to the heroine. The dull coloring of the ugly sea is slowly invading with its rising shadow the softer blue of the fading sky. Alone in the midst of these horrors the ideal and life-like flesh of Andromeda fills the space with its sublime radiance. Language fails to express what is felt before such a work!

The largest picture Henner has painted dates from 1877 and figured at the Exhibition universal of 1878: "les Baigneuses". It belongs to M. Soyez, the father-in-law of the eminent architect, Paul Sédille, and covers all one side of his dining-room. In a vast arcadian landscape of twilight coloring, where aromas are prowling and the atmosphere is full of repose, six nymphs, of luminous carnations, are enjoying the ineffable bliss of existence. To the right a group of four women stand out beautiful white spots on the dark green of thick masses of foliage, then the landscape retreats and the calm light of the dying day from the background envelopes with its ambient caresses two naiads. One is reposing near a clear spring her companion standing half-



covered in the water which is tinted by the darkening blue sky, she comes forth superb like a new-born Venus. Her long tresses veil with warm ambertoned reflections her drowsy loins.

Before this work so chastely pagan, so greek-like, we involontarily think of those beautiful verses of the great poet Leconte de Lisle to the "Eolides":

Ah! combien vous avez baisé
De bras, d'épaules adorées,
Au bord des fontaines sacrées,
Sur la colline au flanc boisé!...



It is in effect in this absorbing calm that Henner has discovered them, he has felt the fresh messages of floating breezes of these daughters of Eolus, lovers of peace that pass quietly grazing troubled surfaces by unknown shiverings! The "Baigneuses" and the "Andromède" are the two principal

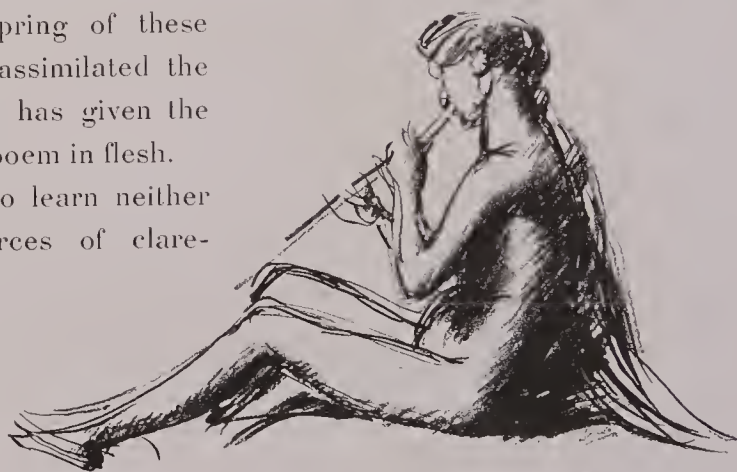
works of the master, where will they be a hundred years from now? for the present, M. Soyez and M. Raffalowich are happy beings to be envied.

Henner exhibited this year a "Christ mort" that is a new chef-d'œuvre, and a "Nymphe qui pleure" that is most fascinating.



Before closing this short study of the master, we must say a word of the relationship that has so often been pointed out with Correggio. Certainly he must have often studied the "Mariage mystique de sainte Catherine", but perhaps yet more the "Concert" by Giorgione. It is between these two chefs-d'œuvre of the Louvre gallery that I would like to see a picture of Henner's such as the Andromeda, she would preside at the signing of the marriage contract of the sweet coloring of Correggio with the warm ardent tones of the manly Giorgione, and Henner, who is the modern offspring of these ancient painters, having assimilated the poetry of the two masters has given the final word in the glorious poem in flesh.

Henner has nothing to learn neither the multitudinous resources of clare-obscure nor in the virtuosship of color that he sounds the sweet and feeling dilettante scale. His painting is somewhat a



sister to music for it has a soul, it is a mute music heard by the eyes. Never has individualism in art been pushed to a greater degree and the word which best describes and affirms this master above all is : hennerian.

Henner is robust in body mind and heart, he has never made a single concession to the changing taste of a public who are without artistic con-

victions. Art has continued to be for him sacerdotal, so his solid glory has always increased, day by day, by the strength of his imposing genius. Henner is full of life, and during the next thirty years, he will be able to continue painting chefs-d'œuvre, trying to represent the unrealizable, and eluding the present hour by immortalizing dreams, by living in a terrestrial Olympus where the reality is idealized, where nature is purified, by incarnate dreams in flesh pursuing his supreme aim : absolute beauty. And when some day his brush shall escape from his hands, the master will not leave us entirely : effluvia of him will remain scattered in his works... his great artistic and poetic soul will return to wander freely under ruined porticos in the sacred forests, in the land of Phidias and Apelle from whose shores comes all light and poetry, towards the beautiful horizons where the sun rises.

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HUBERT HERKOMER



Unquestionably here is one of the artists who represent with greatest vigor and charm the modernist school in England, composed, as we know, of several remarkable painters whose works though called realistic contain none of the exaggerations of the corresponding french school. For unfortunately it can be said of the french realists as Horace said of the potter : *Currit rota, urceus exit!* — They dream of amphoras and produce pitchers!... Nothing of that sort on the other side of the Channel. There what an admirable pleiade of artists is formed : J.-E. Millais, Prinsep, Watts, Leighton, E. Burne Jones, Alma Tadema, Herkomer... These masters of Art cannot be qualified, according to the expression of Rabelais, as *maîtres inertes* whilst in France!... But I will

say no more for I prefer to be accused of being guilty of chauvinism, and practise upon this subject the mole-like silence recommended by Bacon.

Hubert Herkomer was born at Waal in Bavaria the twenty-sixth of May 1849, therefore he was but twenty-six when he exhibited "The last Muster" which obtained one of the two grand medals allotted to England at the Universal Exhibition of 1878.

His father was a wood carver, and his mother a music teacher. Sometime after the birth of his son Mr. Herkomer the father became wearied of the monotonous and dull life of the bavarian town in which he lived, seeing there no future for himself or his, he dreamed of long voyages, movement and adventures. He hesitated for a long time: he was so tranquil after all in his modest home. However in 1851, he embarked with his family for America.

But the climate of Ohio did not agree with Mrs. Herkomer, she as well as her son suffered from it, so in 1857, Mr. Herkomer decided to return to Europe. He then settled in England at Southampton.

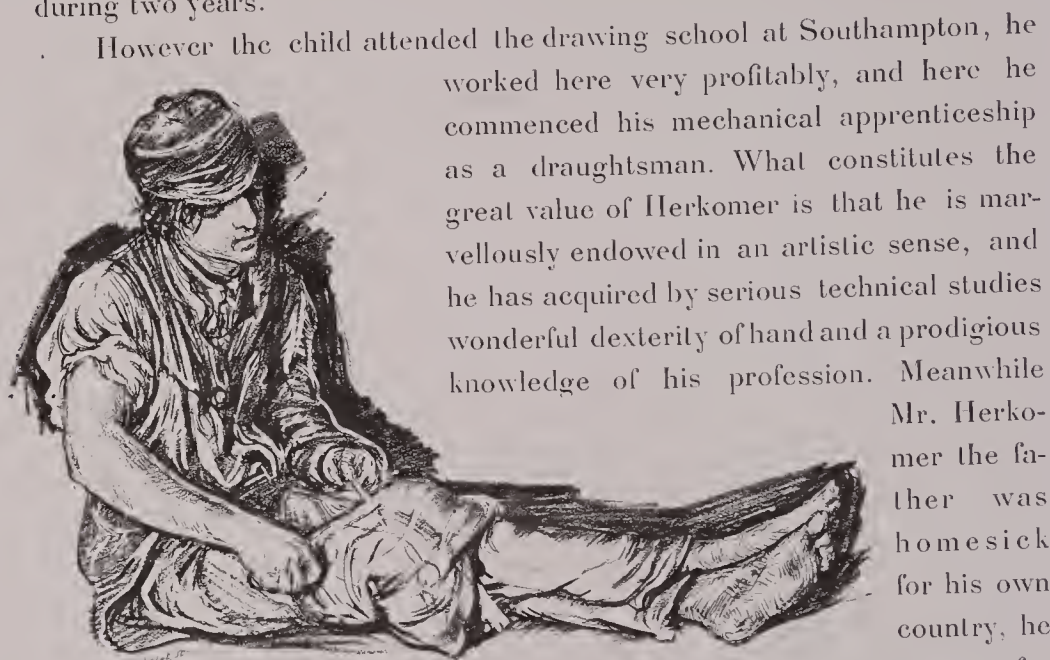
Hubert then eight years old, was a melancholy and delicate child, too feeble to attend school like others boys of his age, he spent whole days in his father's workshop, drawing. His gentle, quiet, contemplative nature delighted in this work that might have been repugnant to a more turbulent youth.



Every born artist, like Herkomer, is at once an observer and dreamer the former completes the labor of the latter

and gives it form, he sees and feels where others pass by indifferently without understanding. Even from his infancy he looks with curiosity and is charmed by a passing cloud for it speaks to him. Everything impresses him strongly, color, forms, outlines, features. He vibrates in listening to the

wind's howlings or murmurs, the nights complaints or the bird's trill. His imagination peopled the shadows with hideous monsters that were superb, redoubtable or chimerical, words impressed him by the ideas they concealed and whose sense he sought; but it was a hundred times worse when he lived alone passing his days, now wandering about the fields fascinated, and then shut up in a workshop full of statues that sometimes for him became animate — and in the evenings lulled by music that charmed, embraced and increased his youthful frenzy!... In this manner Hubert Herkomer lived during two years.



However the child attended the drawing school at Southampton, he worked here very profitably, and here he commenced his mechanical apprenticeship as a draughtsman. What constitutes the great value of Herkomer is that he is marvellously endowed in an artistic sense, and he has acquired by serious technical studies wonderful dexterity of hand and a prodigious knowledge of his profession. Meanwhile

Mr. Herkomer the father was homesick for his own country, he

longed to see it again, so after obtaining english naturalization papers for his sons he returned to Bavaria. Hubert continued from this time his studies at Munich under the direction of Professor Echter.

During six months he tried to inculcate his pupil with the principles of academic art, a useless undertaking! The youth showed himself refractory to everything that was not modern. On the contrary, released without guide or system, free to follow his bent how he copied nature with delight. In the country he was full of enthusiasm at the least type of peasant, shepherd or laborer; but he remained impassably cold, almost disdainful when it was a question of representing Antigone conducting her blind father. Professor Echter abandoned this pupil whom he recognised as being gifted and whose incapacity was to him inexplicable.

Besides at this epoch the youth was bound to return to Southampton under the penalty of losing his quality as an english citizen, for at this time the passports delivered in England were only valuable for six months at the end of which, to remain abroad, they must be renewed. This was in 1865.



It was in the following year that Hubert Herkomer began to efficaciously understand the vague aspirations towards which he had felt himself drawn until then. He entered the South Kensington school and this was a decisive moment.

Until this time, a dreamer and indefatigable observer he had undergone the monotony of solitude, only useful at the period of development and on condition that one does not confine themselves there, for at last he must compare, to be able to compare is indispensable in art, for by intelligent comparisons one studies and acquires. By it one criticises their opinions of ideas and things, it is above all on account of this very necessary desire to compare that a continual residence in the provinces is almost impossible for artists.

At South Kensington, Herkomer like all his comrades felt the enormous influence of the school of Frederick Walker, one of the most remarkable illustrators of England. Frederick Walker whose talent proceeds directly in the manner of sir John Gilbert's, understood what resources modern life offered to art, and knew how to take advantage of them, and success came to him immediately. It is only just to state that his works are interesting, first on account of their extreme simplicity, and more because none are an exact or servile copy from nature. They all contain an idea, I do not say a subject, for a subject is of little importance but an *idea* that is very different. The most perfect work in handling is incomplete, when it expresses nothing.

The young artist at this time, and during a period of about a year and a

half made caricatures for Mr. Daziel for his weekly journal *Le Censeur*. Then with his friend Herbert Johnson he took an atelier in Smith street, Chelsea, London.

The rent of this atelier was eight shillings six pence, a week, about ten francs! what difficulties they had to pay for these premises; for the two artists by uniting their efforts did not always gain the necessary sum of eight shillings, six pence a week!... Yet it was here that Herkomer commenced his famous canvas, "The last Muster", that in its frame reached within a foot of the ceiling of this atelier.

Soon after this he commenced working for *The Graphic* where during several years he drew in company with E.-J. Gregory, Charles Green, Luke Fildes, Small and others. This work of illus-



trating was of great value to him after his youthful studies.

This young man after having contemplated for a long time and been dazzled by vast horizons, and sunlit mountains having studied the quiet

habits of the peasant, suddenly became interested in the powerful subjects that London was constantly presenting to him. Attracted by all he saw, prodigiously interested by the curious types that were constantly passing before him; feeling the rumble of the "struggle for life", he passed through the city, with pencil in hand, searching, enthusiastic, in despair at not being

able to note down all that interested him. This swarming life of the great city, here extremely rich, there all in tatters, how wonderfully picturesque the contrasts, the extraordinary mixture of misery and comfort, of virtue and vice, the excessive outlay of labor on the one side and on the other the brutalizing of man by idleness and alcoholism... What an inexhaustible mine for a painter!



It was then that he would have had professor Echter of Munich near him! That he might have conducted him through the City and shown him the sordid beggars, the hurried business men, the dinners in the bars and "grill-rooms", and the Thames sailors. How he would have explained the poignancy of the little flower girl's history, so pale and pretty with blond curling hair and blue eyes; of that woman in rags with a babe at her breast; of the patibulary faced rogue loafing like a lazaroni during the day; at night scaling walls and turning grating doors, and finally before the false blind "by accident" man whose mask so pitiful to many, rouses in the artist's eye defiance, how he would have sarcastically asked the old bavarian professor, which was the more interesting to draw: these taken from life with their drollery so unreservedly funny, with the

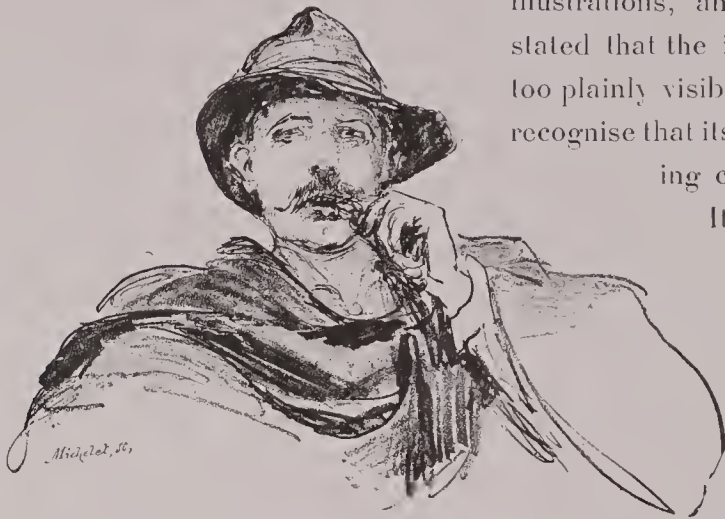
modern appearance and types of the mob's humor, or that Œdipe blind in truth, incest and ex-king, lead by his daughter Antigone as devoted as a poodle!

Herkomer, about this time, exhibited a large number of drawings and watercolors at the Gallery of the Institute, notably a first study of a picture that he painted later... *der Bittang*.

It was in 1872 that his picture "After the toil of the day" appeared; this work although very interesting was rather hardly criticised. The artist was reproached with having lost his sense of color by lingering too long in

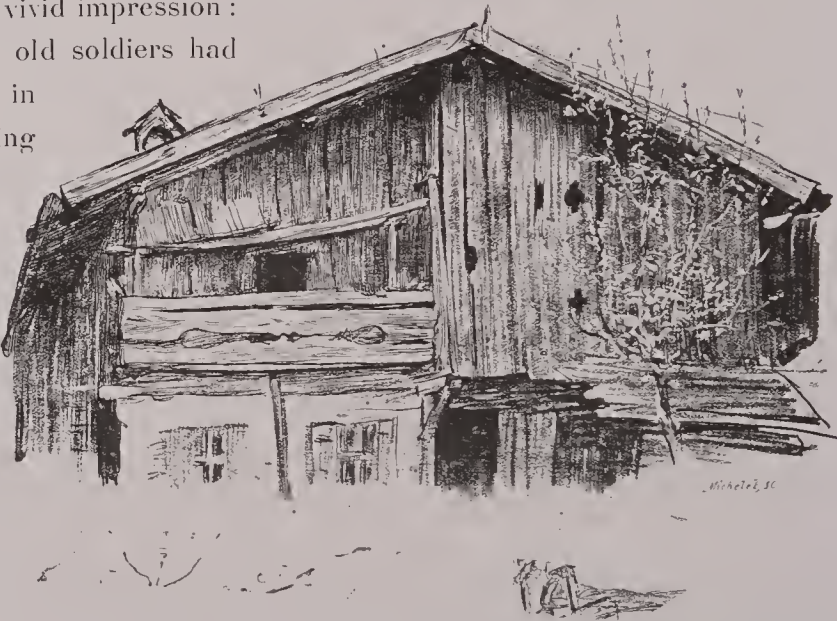
illustrations, and also they maliciously stated that the influence of Walker was too plainly visible. Still it is but just to recognise that its wonderful and penetrating charm was appreciated.

It was only in 1875 that he reappeared before the public, but this time with "The last Muster" his success was considerable. This work is well known. Every one has seen reproductions



of it in the illustrated papers. The artist, attending service one day in the Chelsea pensioner's chapel, the English Invalides, witnessed an occurrence that made a vivid impression:

One of the old soldiers had fallen asleep in his place during divine service. His neighbor perceiving this want of decorous observance in such a place, in a friendly manner, like



a good fellow, touches his comrade's hand gently to awaken him. Herkomer took, of this scene, that probably he alone remarked, a sketch from which he made a drawing. In showing this to his friends: "He looks as if he

were dead" they cried unanimously seeing the pensioner sleeping immobile, in an almost rigid attitude. This exclamation at once solved the matter for the artist who for his picture determined to make not a simple study, but a scene extremely dramatic in its naive simplicity. The scene of Sarcey to be made! The idea of which I have already spoken, the result of which is known!



This work, which was well painted and admirably drawn, charmed, and touched the beholder! The types were splendid as each head was a portrait. The general arrangement was skillful. The composition while it was very simple produced a great effect. The spectator at a glance took in the whole of the picture, the many well placed groups, and it was a marvel afterwards for those curious in artistic matters to examine all the details.

The picture "After the toil of the day" that was exhibited in 1872 was suggested to Herkomer during his stay in Bavaria; as was that which he exhibited in 1876 "At death's Door". The



English did not understand them for they did not find their sky, atmosphere or types, still this was a very interesting work. Some peasants kneeling at the door of a cottage, where one of their people is dying, await the priest who, in the distance, preceded by a chorister, mounts the hillside bringing the viaticum. In the background on the horizon the light fades away by degrees after the sunset. This study is remarkable in its sincerity. Here again each head is keenly searched. The physiognomies are disconsolate, the affliction that is there depicted has been studied with infinite art by a sensitive observer. And the effects have been obtained by means of a naivete that recalls the works of the Primitifs. The landscape was magnificent, the great quietness that comes at eventide in the country after the labor of the day makes itself felt. It is the most delightful moment of a perfect summer's day and the impressing sweetness forms a most moving contrast with the real desolation of the peasants who are praying at the threshold of the dying. The compatriots of Her-



komer understood even less the picture that he exhibited the following year *der Bittang*, the subject of which is taken from a bavarian custom that corresponds very nearly to our Rogation : Some peasants are passing in a valley, the sky is filled with heavy clouds that seem to defy them, they regard these with anxiety whilst they fervently pray God to protect their crops. The english public was not interested in this work, they did know the strange custom that constituted the subject of this composition.

"Der Bittang" was not appreciated and yet the artist had never before represented nature with as much precision, power and truth.

They were more interested in "Even tide" that Herkomer exhibited in 1878. This time the subject was very english. The scene takes place in a workhouse after the evening meal. Some old women are occupied with simple needle work. This I believe to be one of most complete and remarkable works of the painter. In certain details it is superior to "The last Muster". The ensemble is however less harmonious or rather less condensed. It is considered less brilliant, less dramatic, notwithstanding the emotion it exhales is perhaps

more poignant and real, and less theatrical in the sense of the effectiveness of the mise en scene. The first group of old women is absolutely admirable. Nothing more human, more finely observed, more real than these feminine types could be imagined. The artist who has produced them

is a master of the first rank. It is necessary to examine attentively each portion as they constitute a study of rare power. The reproductions by engraving that have been made, unfortunately give but a mediocre idea... Before going farther, let us indicate briefly, a special

side in the nature of Herkomer.

He is not only preoccupied by what is correctly styled art, he seeks with all a scholar's and inventor's fever to ameliorate known processes,



so as to obtain surer and more considerable results. In a word, as it seems to him that the tools at his disposition do not yield sufficient results he is constantly taxing his ingenuity to perfect them. This constant preoccupation of a great painter shows his profound worship of art.

It is thus that he has discovered a new process by means of which he has succeeded in obtaining, in watercolors, half tones as strong as in oil painting. He has victoriously experimented this process, at first, in the portraits that he made of Richard Wagner, Tennyson and Ruskin.

In 1879, Herkomer sent to the Grosvenor Gallery "Light, Life, and Melody", another scene taken from bavarian life. A group of ploughmen are collected together in a tavern where they are smoking and listening to a musician who plays the zither. In the distance in a very light landscape some peasants are playing bowls. This work is very grand in character, vigorous and exquisite in its realism.

In the *God'schne* that he exhibited in the Academy in 1880, Herkomer made his first attempt as a landscapist. He succeeded as a master should, the picture is excessively expressive, the artist has literally played with difficulties, as the saying is. His long and serious study of nature is shown here in an irrefutable manner.

In 1881, he attempted another style in "the Gloom of Idwal" a romantic scene in north Wales, which he sent to the Grosvenor Gallery. This work is remarkable on account of the conscientious scrupulousness with which it is painted even in the smallest details; by the painter's ability in reproducing nature and above all because it shows the vivacity of the artists impressions. Herkomer has published in a review a very amusing account of his trappings about in Wales whilst he painted this picture. It is needless to say that it was impossible to carry about on the mountains,



where he went in search of details, his canvas that was twelve feet long. So he had to first bring together a quantity of small sketches that he afterwards reproduced by placing one beside another on his canvas.



Then came the careful finishing up of all the details.

Since this epoch Herkomer has exhibited nothing of importance. Is it that he is discouraged or over fatigued as his rivals pretend? No indeed!

He has retired to Bushey, some twenty miles from London, in a house that he has had built, there he has collected together about thirty young men, his pupils, to whom he imparts his artistic principles. He seeks, works, ameliorates, even dreams to the borders of hallucination some pretend. He desires to see the sentiment of artistic things penetrate to the masses, even to the most ignorant, generous Utopia! He is persuaded that the crowd ought to be impressed before a sincere work of art as much as it would be before nature itself. On this subject he has made bizarre attempts in the details of which it is not possible to enter in this short notice. It would need ten times the space that I have at my disposal to show under its multitudinous aspects the peculiar temperament full of power and originality, of this man, whose every step has marked, sometimes to his detriment, a new halting place which is always profitable even when unsuccessful.

Artists as a class obey what is a very human tendency, although it almost always lessens their value. When they encounter success they barricade themselves in the kind of work from which they drew their celebrity, in the sense that they unceasingly reproduce the same thing under different aspects.

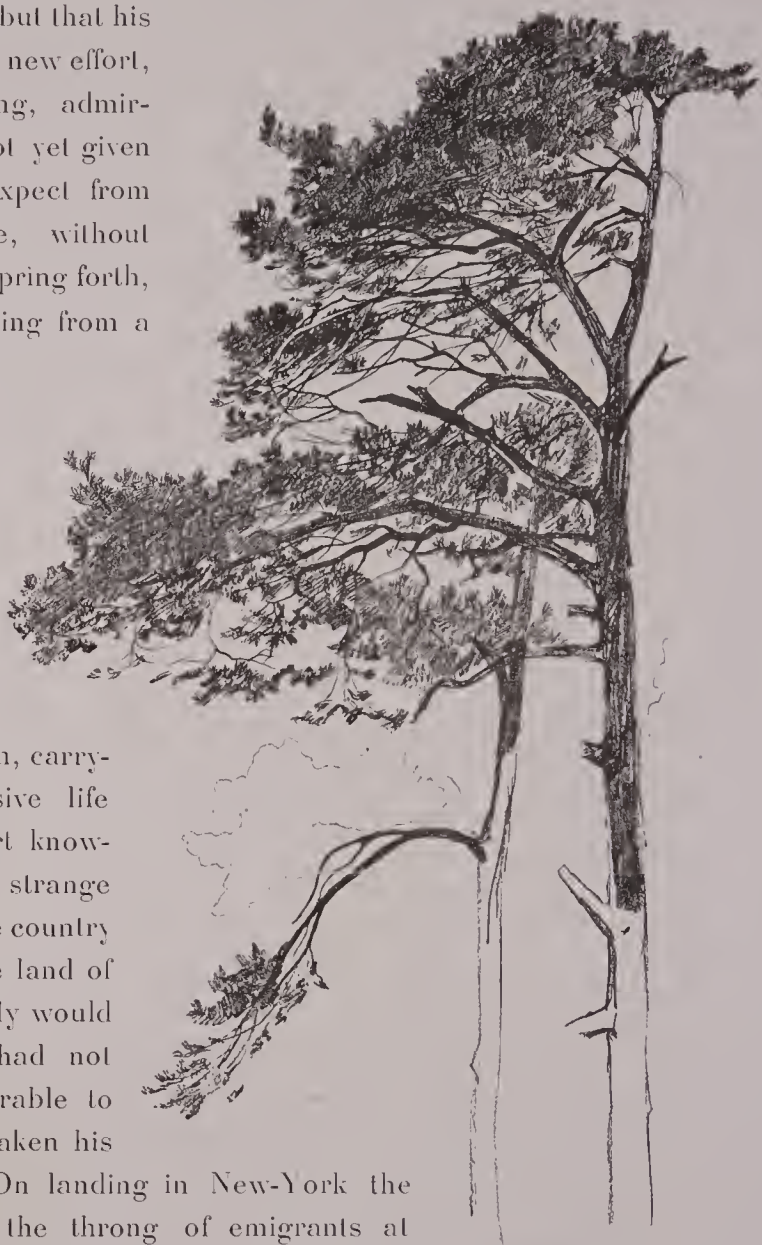
After "The last Muster" Herkomer, to the contrary, and it is a new proof of the great artistic care which makes him prefer some-



thing fresh even to success, in seeking for something better he passed to an entirely different style, as he did also after his "Even tide".

So we cannot be sure but that his present abstention hides a new effort, assuredly this hardworking, admirably endowed artist has not yet given all we have a right to expect from him. We shall soon see, without doubt, a new experience spring forth, assuredly interesting, coming from a man having no other pre-occupation than art for which he seeks, indefatigably, without ever being satisfied, always and ever desiring something better.

Herkomer returned to America in 1882 to revisit the scenes of his youth, carrying with him his extensive life experience and mature art knowledge. It must have been a strange experience to return to the country that came near being the land of his adoption, and probably would have been if his father had not found the climate unfavorable to his wife's health and so taken his family back to Europe. On landing in New-York the artist was attracted by the throng of emigrants at Castle-Gardens, emigrants from many parts of Europe mingling together, many different types and costumes and this strange melange of old world people struck the fancy of the painter who must have sympathised with them as he also had come with them but in a different part of the boat. Shortly after his arrival in New-York, and while an ex-



hibition of paintings brought with him were being exhibited there, he began a painting of Castle-Garden crowded with emigrants, that he entitled "Pressing to the West", in his strong vigorous style. The composition is good and the painting promised at one time to be his best and probably would have been, had he not been suddenly called back to England by domestic bereavement, and so was obliged to finish the picture in England. While in America Herkomer painted many portraits amongst them, one that will be always prized, was of Mr. Whitelaw Reid that he presented to the Lotus Club of New-York.

HENRI DEMESSE.





LOUIS KNAUS



Having to write of Louis Knaus, I will commence by greeting him as the leader of a group of meritorious artists whose ambition it is to bequeath to posterity an exact delineation of contemporary customs, from an intimate and familiar point of view, apart from official pomps and social solemnities where men only appear as masks! Correctly speaking Knaus is not a creator because long before him others have celebrated in pictures the joys and griefs of every day life, studied among the good people who wage the daily battle for existence, without anger, bitterness or affectation, always ready to laugh when not forced to weep.

But if this german artist is not an inventor, he has the merit of having

revived a forgotten style and this should be counted in his honor. Art owes to this style of painting innumerable chefs-d'œuvre; it was sufficient to procure a century of glory to Holland; England is justly proud of her Hogarth; and France of the charming masters of the last century: Greuze, Fragonard and Chardin. More modest without doubt is the name of Martin Drolling, pupil and successor of these french masters, but it should be preserved, for without it the line would be interrupted; and it is through him that Louis Knaus can join hands with the painters of the past century.



In 1849 an artist needed to be endowed with unusual courage who, conscious of possessing the talent, should attempt to regenerate genre painting, that for a long time had devolved upon incapable and discredited painters. France was divided into two camps: on one side they were contending for the false classical style of David and his school, the others sustained decaying romanticism; and the public stunned by the disturbance made by the struggle did not perceive the new efflorescence of art: Delacroix, Millet, Corot, Rousseau and Troyon were miserably vegetating unknown to the crowd and disdained by their brothers artists.

In Germany, the fatherland of Louis Knaus, it was even worse: The so-called national art, the only style that found scope, floated in clouds of mysticism. Cornelius Overbeck, Kaulbach, Schadow and Schnorr, men of real talent, were bowed down under the yoke of the new generation; it was forbidden to look at nature for they had decreed that painting was an art of the imagination and its aim the illustration in colors of german ballads. Wagner was coming who would take his part in the national ideal and find for its expression grander accents in music than the painters had been able to obtain in color.

"It was a happy day for Germany, we have written in the *Gazette des Beaux-Arts*, when some of her best artists renounced idealistic compositions for the realistic things of this world. Menzel had already shown all that might be made, without ceasing to be *natural*, in the datum furnished by

history, in studying men as they are, great or small, without magniloquence or a preeconceived idea of constructing an epic poem. The romances of Immermann, Auerbach and others that were in fashion at this time accelerated the work of renovation so brilliantly conducted by the painter of the Great Frederic. The ground was prepared for the coming of the new art: the familiar bourgeoisie painting of subjects taken from contemporaneous life, in a word genre of which Mr. Louis Knaus has been and is still incontestably a master."

I do not know why the public has been inclined to place in the second rank the genre painters. The public has been told that they are not counted among the producers of *grand art* and this consideration diminishes the respect felt for them. For we are so constituted the label increases or belittles both men and things, and it does not occur to us to control the exactness of the judgments that are imposed upon us. There is neither grand or little art, but there are great and small subjects and it is the art with which they are treated that makes them great or small according to the value of the incident. Teniers, Brauwer, Ostade with their pictures of taverns have more claims to grand art than numberless artists who have employed all their talent in decorating churches or in brushing vast scenes taken from mythology or history. Each must be judged for itself, be it a fresco or a cabinet picture. There are three capital things that we have to consider: the composition, drawing, and color these are the three factors that permit us to decide the question in one way or another. The other considerations, drawn from the subject, of its historical or philosophical bearing are of less importance: they may guide us in our literary appreciation and admiration of an artist,

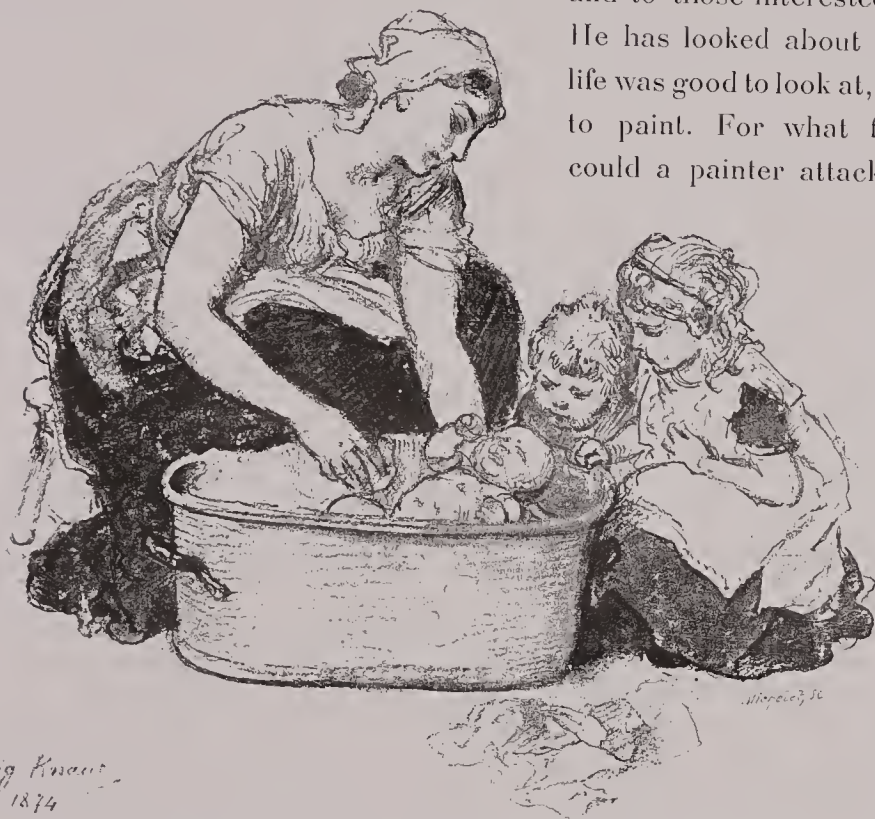


and in personal taste and ideal, but they add nothing to the real value from the art point of view.

Louis Knaus has been very successful in accomplishing all that he has attempted and it is sufficient to place him among the most prominent painters of our epoch. A sagacious observer with a sensitive heart easily moved, he is not forced to seek far to find subjects for study that are attractive to him

and to those interested in his work. He has looked about and seen that life was good to look at, and profitable to paint. For what finer subjects could a painter attack than human

beings represented in their natural surroundings? In the being there is everything both matter and mind; the charming covering of a purely physical character is already very difficult



to render in its moving reality, and the physiognomy is yet more variable because the thought that decides it delights to hide under a deceitful exterior. Those realists who pretend to interpret reality more often give us but the half of the truth: if they are able to place on canvas the objective signs, they believe they have accomplished their task. The ambition of really observing artists, and Mr. Knaus is of the number, is not so easily satisfied; and this is the cause of their persistence in working over, sometimes deadening the freshness that distinguishes their manner and this is often a cause of reproach.

Every one agrees that Louis Knaus thoroughly understands the science

of making pictures. All his paintings are remarkable as *mise en scene*, they are irreproachably composed as much from the point of optical equilibrium as because they express the subject. This is why they captivate and hold the passing public; they are in reality so many episodes of current life scrupulously observed and treated in a charming manner that everyone understands and remembers. There is wit with a touch of irony in these scenes that accentuates their effect.

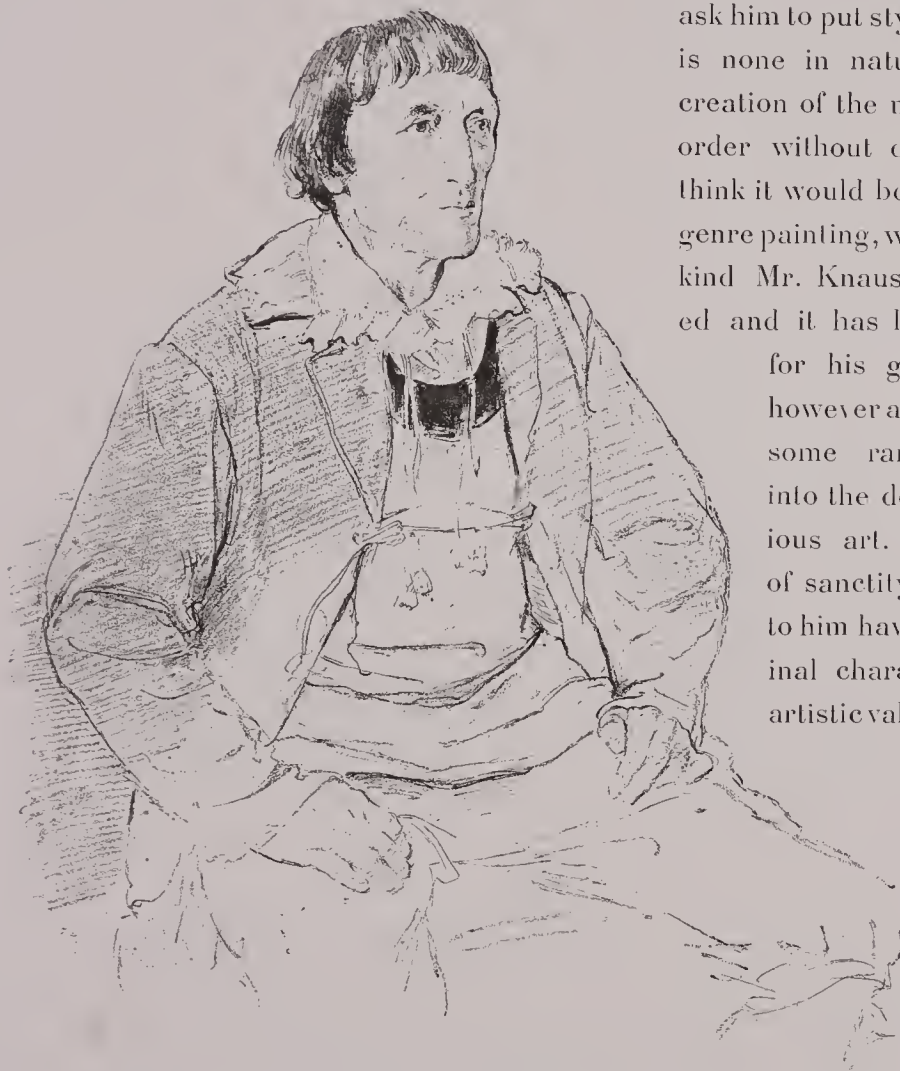
His actors he takes generally from the middle class or from the lower



ranks of society, that is, everywhere where life is found untravested; he likes to represent the cunning simplicity of the peasant, the naive importance of the big citizen; his young girls are charming, his children are adorable, we do not know any other painter who is penetrated in the same degree by infantile graces, attitudes and manners. This is possibly the secret of the immense popularity of Knaus in Germany: for all Germans love children; so it is not astonishing that a painter who understands them so well is considered the best of painters.

In the execution of his pictures Knaus shows rare qualities, doubtless he is not a virtuoso in the modern sense, but he knows his trade thoroughly

and pursues it with real authority. He paints with an ample firm touch, and he never transgresses the rules of harmony. The excellence of his facture is as strongly felt as that of composition: he writes as he thinks, with method and cleverness. His figures are always well drawn both in form and



character, we do not need to ask him to put style where there is none in nature. Style is a creation of the mind, of a high order without doubt, but we think it would be prejudicial in genre painting, which is the only kind Mr. Knaus has attempted and it has been sufficient

for his glory. Mention however among his work some rare incursions into the domain of religious art. The pictures of sanctity that we owe to him have not the original character nor the artistic value of his genre

pictures, but they are excellently painted. This proves that in respect to the facture, when one

knows perfectly his handicraft the size of the canvas is of small importance. Having a large canvas to cover the true artist know how to change his manner, but the incapables remain poor workmen whether they paint great or small.

We have tried to define the particular talent of Louis Knaus and to characterize his merit, it now remains to speak of his life and of his works.

The life of a german artist can be told in a few lines. It is simple, honest and without many incidents : romance has no place in it. Knaus had no ancestry; but is a self made man.

He was born in the charming city of Wiesbaden in 1829; his father was an optician : there had been no artist in his family. From a tender age he was fond of drawing, and his sketches attracted the attention of a court painter, who intimated that perhaps here was a vocation worthy of encouragement, the father did not object, though it is well known that at that time the profession was not in high repute.

At the age of fifteen the young man entered the academy of Dusseldorf: here he again had the chance of being patronized by a painter, the

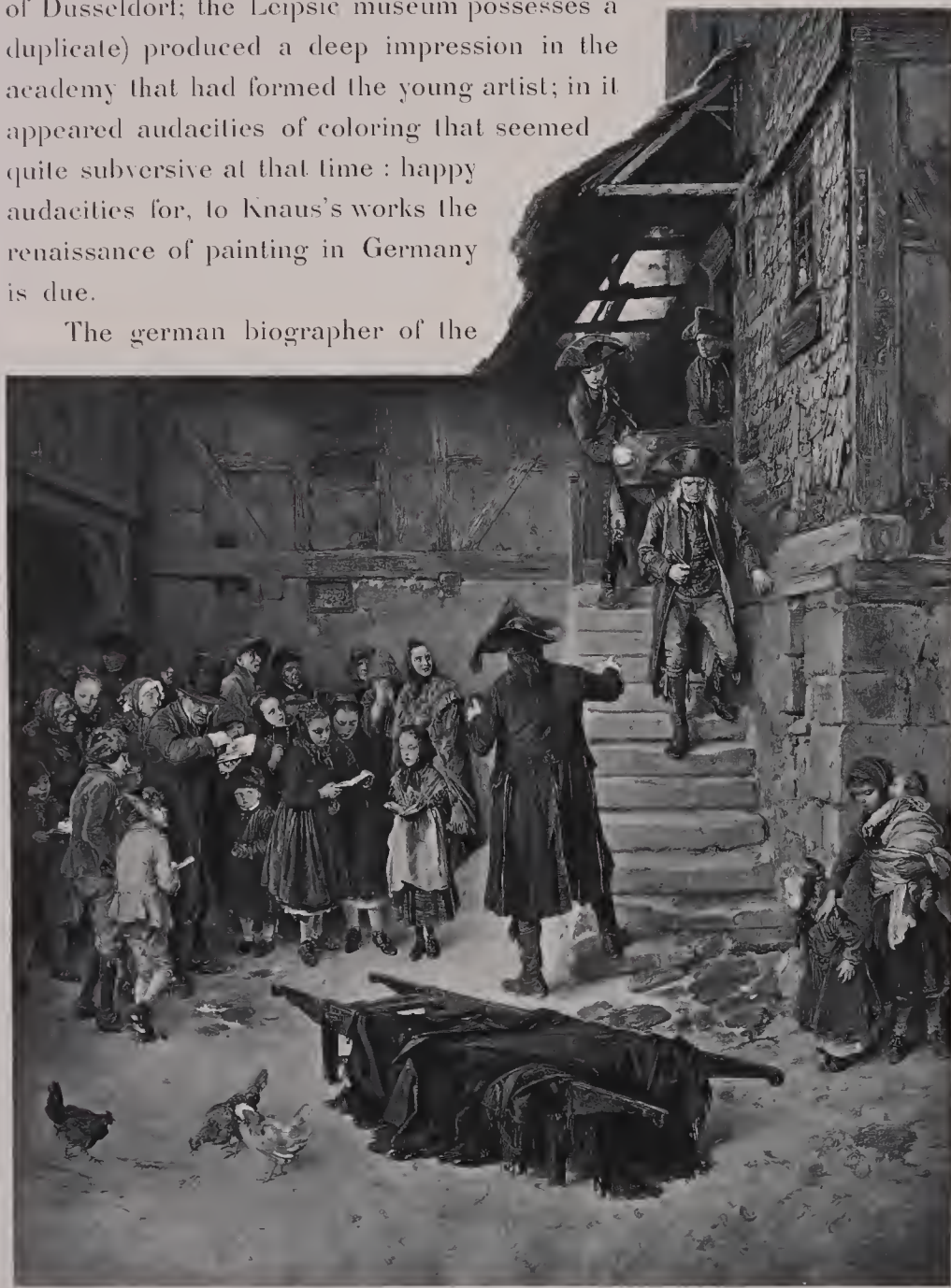


professor Karl Sohn, who took great interest in his work and had the good sense to let him follow his own way. The tree planted in favorable ground soon bore fruit.

The first exhibition of Louis Knaus was in 1849 : Dusseldorf, of whom he was to become the glory, applauded his first appearance, " Dame sous un tilleul". A year later, he was received at Berlin with " L'Enterrement " in which the subject presents a distant analogy with the picture he exhibited at Paris in 1878. This is the composition of the first Enterrement : some children, led by the schoolmaster follow, singing psalms, the hearse of a companion : in the foreground a bizarre group is formed by a sort of grotesque malefactor whom the local authorities have just arrested. The painter has rendered with spirit the dismay of these little people, who without ceasing their singing fix astonished eyes on this unexpected spectacle.

In his subsequent pictures, Mr. Knaus breaks through the insipid manner of his contemporaries; his painting becomes stronger and more healthy. "Les Joueurs" (this canvas is in the municipal gallery of Dusseldorf; the Leipsic museum possesses a duplicate) produced a deep impression in the academy that had formed the young artist; in it appeared audacities of coloring that seemed quite subversive at that time : happy audacities for, to Knaus's works the renaissance of painting in Germany is due.

The german biographer of the







painter, Mr. L. Pietsch, explains in a very plausible manner his precocious emancipation. Knaus had not read the romantic writings that have been the destruction of so many painters, in Germany and elsewhere; thanks to this prophylactic measure, his natural good health easily carried the day against the unhealthy effluvia floating in the air. From the first his manner was quite different from that in use in the ateliers of his time; to the tormented and dull painting of his masters and brother-painters he substituted a clear, transparent color that gladdened the eye with the freshness of its tone and easy application.

Thus he was a master-workman at an age when others were but commencing their craft : at twenty years of age he had nothing more to learn in the handling of his brushes, it only remained for him to perfect himself in drawing, enlarge his field of observation and develop the *mise en scene* of his pictures. Just the reverse of what so often happens at present, Knaus's works have followed in natural progression : those of his maturer years being more valuable than those of his youth thus he has fully justified the hopes that those who saw his early works entertained for him.

From 1851 we see revealed in the "Market" (gallery Reichenheim, at Berlin) a strong sentiment of reality, the exact and minute observation that distinguishes his later works : at the same time the painter asserted the qualities of his mind, a perfect mixture of humor and true sensibility;



equally removed from ridicule or whining, the picture of which we have spoken could easily have been made ridiculous: we see the police in pursuit of a thief who has been exercising his talents in the market of a small town. The appearance of the victims is in itself quite laughable,

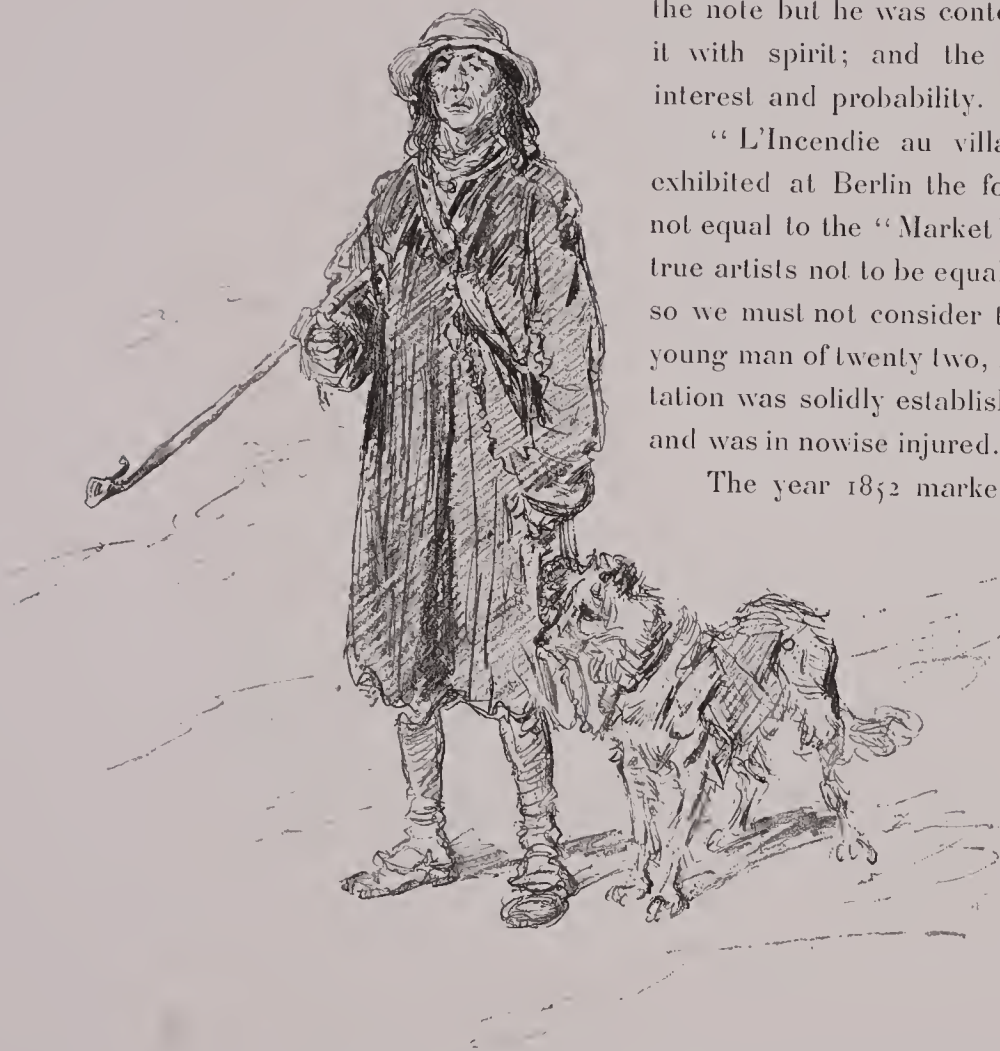
any other than Knaus would have forced the note but he was contented to narrate it with spirit; and the scene gains in interest and probability.

"L'Incendie au village" that was exhibited at Berlin the following year is not equal to the "Market". It is a trait of true artists not to be equal to themselves; so we must not consider this a crime in a young man of twenty two, beside his reputation was solidly established in Germany and was in nowise injured.

The year 1852 marked an important date in the life of Knaus. It was the year he left his native land, and his absence lasted nearly twelve years. At that time we may say an artist's renown could not dispense

with a parisian consecration. Knaus did as so many other german artists that have since been forgotten he came to Paris, was admirably received and his talent increased by coming in contact with the great painters that were there at that time.

Mr. Pietsch has insinuated that we had the culpable intention of denationalizing the young german painter, for the purpose of usurping



his incipient glory. It is an error, France was then sufficiently rich and had no need to envy other nations. Delacroix, Rousseau, Millet, Troyon, Corot, Meissonier, Ingres, to mention only the greater names, form an aureole of peerless brilliancy the radiance still endures and does not seem ready to fade. Our country can welcome without reservation the artists that other lands send here, and when they have talent openly recognise their merit.

The first appearance of Knaus in the Salon of 1852 created a sensation: he exhibited two pictures "Tziganes dans un bois" and the "Lendemain de fête dans un estaminet de village". The first subject has been repeated since by the artist who has made of it one of his best pictures. The second canvas was excellent in every way and at once conquered the favor of the public. It is the representation of a very dramatic



tavern scene that unhappily occurs too often in the real life of the peasants. A blonde girl is sobbing on the body of her lover, who is in a state of intoxication: the crafty smile of an old professional drunkard sitting in a corner gives us the measure of the drama; the young man will not be the worse for his frolic but what a sad presage for the future household!

As Louis Knaus had brilliantly succeeded in a semi-tragic style, he might have continued to exploit the vein but he did nothing of the kind, he desired to show that he had several strings to his bow. Without

changing his objective he undertook under other aspects to represent the people who posed before him. Life is not always sad, she has her smiling hours why not then paint them in their good moments when one has all that is necessary for it, talent, good health and pleasant humor?



Putting aside for a time at least, morose subjects, Knaus having arranged his palette with gayest tones started in quest of pleasant subjects. "Le Printemps" was the first work of this happy epoch. The subject popularised by the excellent engraving of Mr. Wihlmann can be described in two words. A young girl gathering flowers; the girl is blonde, her little red bonnet seem like a poppy in the midst of the may flowers, with which the field is covered; her little pink hands gather at random with feverish haste her first bouquet; nature seems to smile on her youth as if the child was one of her most beautiful blossoms.

The picture that followed, "Bébé" has been painted and repainted by many artists : none have equalled Mr. Knaus : a big personage only a few months old, sit enthroned in a high chair. The subject of "La Souris" is more complicated; baby is no longer alone, he is all drawn up with fright in the arms of a cobbler's apprentice who is showing him a mouse trap with an unfortunate prisoner.

The same personages are again found together in a pleasing picture that belongs to the collection of Mr. Edouard André, at Paris, it has been engraved by Mr. Gilbert, in the "*Gazette des Beaux-Arts*". Here we find baby in one of his bad moments : the face contracted with anger, the fists crisped, he tries in vain to attract by his cries the attention of his young guardian who carries him negligently in his right arm. The cobbler's appren-

tice deaf to the baby's elamors devours an apple philosophically : "A hungry stomach has no ears".

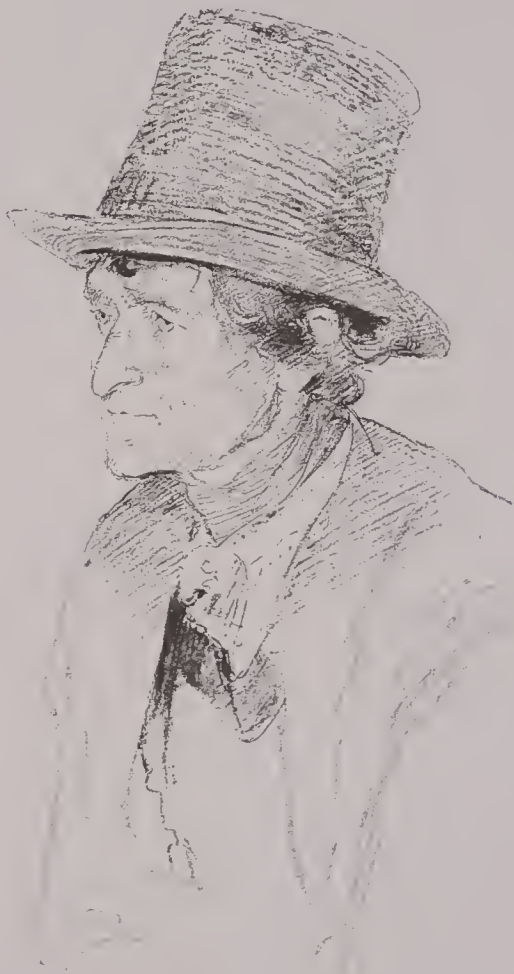
The three infantine pictures we have just analysed are among the best pieces of painting by Louis Knaus : he knows his subject so well, that the arrangement does not seem to cost him any effort. Thus the facture is so easy, daring even, that it surprised those who had reproached him with not knowing how to paint as well as he thought and composed.

Among the pictures painted in Paris are a "Comédie d'amateurs", "Convoi funèbre" a repetition with variations of the "Burial", "Enfant avec sa bonne", a scene taken from the Tuileries, this last is at the Luxembourg gallery and gives a faint idea of the artist value.

The interest of these pictures fade before those that are to follow in the estimation of many. "La Cinquantaine" and "Le Baptême" are the most remarkable pictures in the works of Knaus : if not so accepted they are at least the most celebrated and have given the painter greatest honor.

We must retrace our steps to describe two important events in the life of Knaus ; in 1859 he left Paris to visit Italy ; in 1860 he married. The voyage to Italy did not leave any important trace in the works of Knaus ; his marriage took him definitely away from France.

The young couple went to their native city, with the intention of establishing definitely their residence. But their stay at Wiesbaden was not of long duration ; two years later in 1862 we find the painter at Berlin, and he did not leave there until 1866. From Berlin, Knaus returned to his native place, and in 1867 we find him at Dusseldorf constructing a



dwelling house with a magnificent atelier, as if he intended spending the rest of his days there.

Here he painted "Son Altesse en voyage"; "La Sorcière du village"; "Dans les trances"; "Le Goûter des oies"; a serie of popular types: "Le Joueur d'orgue"; "La Sieste"; "Les petits Cochons"; "Sur une mauvaise pente"; "Dans la coulisse"; "Tels pères, tels fils"; "Un élève plein d'avenir" and "Une bonne affaire"; figured at the Universal Exhibition 1878. In terminating we must mention "L'Enterrement" the crowning work of our artist, the jewel of his exhibition at Paris in 1878. That the excellent critic Duranty, after describing, this sums up: "All this is the outcome of a rare artistic nature, where simplicity, naivete, wit, observation and tenderness are touchingly and graciously united". And this appreciation of one picture faithfully resumes the qualities that distinguish the works of Louis Knaus.

ALFRED DE LOSTALOT.





LÉON BONNAT



The place where one is born is not a matter of slight importance for, if it be in a land of fogs or in a sunny clime, nestled in a valley or on expansive hill-tops, the man always retains something of his native soil, a something that is found later in his work and that escapes from his artistic conceptions like the bouquet from a choice wine.

Léon Bonnat was born on the banks of the Nive and the Adour, in the lovely city of Bayonne so elegant and valiant, in the virgin city that fourteen assaults have not yet succeeded in overcoming. Do we not find in the works of this painter the sunniness of his native place and the bravery of his people?

A reverse of fortune caused the Bonnat family to leave Bayonne and

then they established themselves in Madrid, in the heart of that beautiful Spain where our castles are, and to which our dreams as poets and colorists turn. The child developed in this motley and picturesque capital where everything forms into pictures. The people and things seen in the street gave to his happily gifted mind profound and fertile impressions of art. The education of the eye, the first education for a painter, was obtained by itself without his knowing it. There silhouettes are so fine, the harmonies of color melt together so naturally, the contrasts of light and shade have such perfect clearness in that ambient atmosphere! Carpeaux said that in Italy all the people in their most ordinary manifestations of life, in their work as in their enjoyment, seemed to be posing before the artist as a model does in an atelier. The instinctive attitude, a graceful carriage and interesting gestures are not less natural to the Spanish people particularly to the population of Madrid. At every step one discovers a motive: in the pedler of anise-water crying his wares, the cigarmaker placing a pink in her thick,

heavy hair, even to the beggar more superb than a king.



At Madrid the commentator is near to nature, a general commentary bearing the signatures of Velasquez, Murillo, Zurbaran, Ribera and Goya. The streets and the museums vividly impressed the imagination of Léon Bonnat and removed the hesitations and uncertainty of childhood. He early felt his vocation firmly fixed, and obeyed the interior force that pushed him towards the art of painting.

One day in the year 1847, Bonnat, who was then fourteen years old, went and quietly presented himself to Federico de Madrazo, the well known Spanish master, and solicited the honor of being admitted among his pupils. The duty of every honest man to whom such a request was addressed in 1847, at present things have greatly changed, was to divert the solicitant from his project. "Painting! what are you thinking of young man? have you considered all the disappointments of this deplorable career? For one who succeeds, how many others, as worthy perhaps, remain a prey to all the tortures of misery and wounded selflove! I do not know how capable you

may be, I do not permit myself to suppose you to be without ability, I will concede hypothetically that you have talent, even genius. Thus I allow you the best position; but do you know that the fate of genius is usually to be denied and unrecognized. How many glories have only blossomed on tombs! There is a long, inexhaustible martyrology of great painters who have died of hunger without knowing the joy of triumph... after this if you have made up your mind..."

Madrazzo did not fail in his duty as admonisher; but he found in the timid child who fixed his ardent glance upon him the most obstinate of auditors. To the list of evils that the master complacently spread before him:

"So be it, responded Bonnat, but I want to be a painter."

"—Then, come to-morrow, the atelier is open to you."



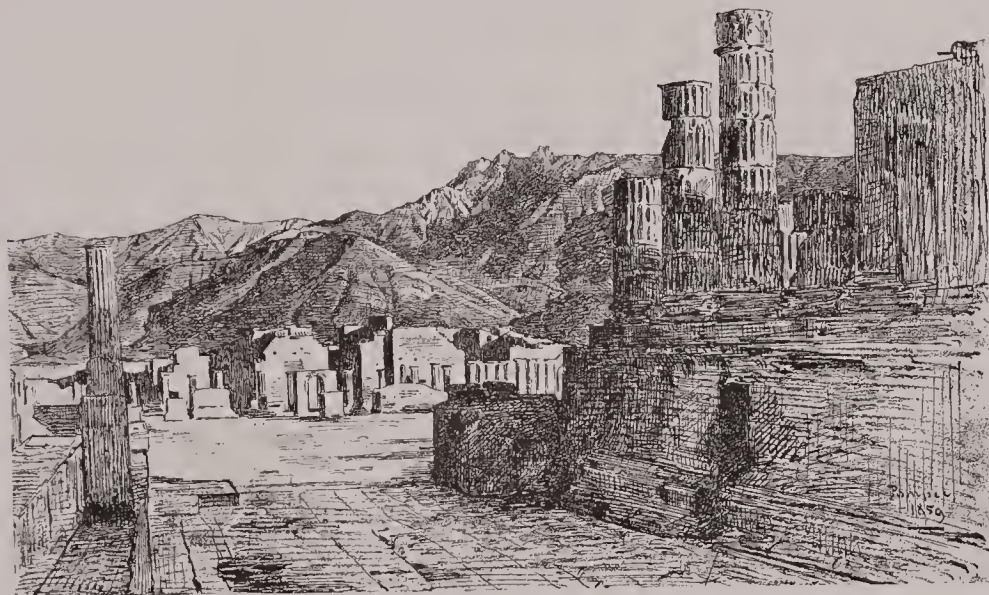
Bonnat commenced to work with courage, finding a charm in the study of drawing that was helping him to his goal, multiplying his efforts to satisfy his master who was becoming more and more attached to him. However color attracted him invincibly, outside the atelier, he commenced studies that he kept secret during a certain time but one day taking de Madrazzo one side he begged him to look at a picture that he had composed and painted in secret: "Giotto devant ses chèvres". Madrazzo looked at the canvas a moment then, joyously, he cordially embraced his pupil.

"You, my boy, you will make your way."

Recalled to France by a death in the family, Bonnat was obliged to leave Madrid and his excellent master Madrazzo and settle in Paris.

It was under the direction of Léon Cogniet that he pursued his studies. Cogniet, like all professors who really understand teaching, had the great merit of never turning his pupils from their natural bent. Respecting each

pupils qualities and desiring that they should retain their own originality he was satisfied to give counsel, teach the handicraft without imposing either his taste or his manner. Thus we are surprised to see what a fine pleiade of artists, of varying talents have come from his atelier. In 1857, Léon Bonnat entered *en loge* to compete for the *prix de Rome*. It was an error that must be pardoned him on account of his youth. The words "Prix de Rome, Lauréat de l'Institut" have for young men a prestige that has not yet been effaced. And yet how often has it been proved that the *prix de Rome* is nothing more than a patent of docility. For in art, impetuosity, independence



and wilfulness are often the qualities of those who become masters. Bonnat possessed all the qualities necessary to attain the mastership, but he had not the patient mediocrity that obtains the prize for a greek theme or the prize of Rome.

In this year 1857, Mr. Sellier obtained the first prize; Mr. Hector Leroux received the second grand prize; Léon Bonnat only received the second prize. At present, Mr. Bonnat, commandeur de la Légion d'honneur, membre de l'Institut, membre du jury, honored with the grand medal, judges the works of Mr. Sellier. I say this not intending any unkind reflection towards Mr. Sellier whom I have not the honor of knowing and who received a medal in 1865 and a second class medal in 1872.

The second prize did not confer on Bonnat the right of residence at the

Villa Mediceis. This was to be regretted as after having worked in Spain and in France, it is beneficial to live for a time in Italy. Madrid, Paris, and Rome are the three great art schools. Happily for the future of Bonnat, his native town furnished him the means to go and paint on the banks of the Tiber.

From this time it is by the varied interest of his pictures that Léon Bonnat has marked each year of his life. I will mention first, apart from the numerous studies painted in Italy, the three pictures that Léon Bonnat executed at Rome and were exhibited at the Salon. They are : "The good Samaritan", exhibited in 1859; "Adam and Eve finding the body of Abel", exhibited in 1861; "Saint André en croix", exhibited in 1863. Immediately after appeared the "Pasqua Maria". When the public had seen these four pictures there no longer existed any doubts as to the value of the artist who had signed them, nor of the brilliant future that awaited him. Nor was the jury blind for it conferred a second class medal on Bonnat in 1861 and a *rappel* in 1863.

Thus as we have seen the conquest of public opinion was rapidly accomplished by the young master, a complete conquest that Bonnat has known how to retain and strengthen by the production of masterly works in very different genres.

This talent of his is broad and wide-spreading, it disdains the narrow



divisions in which the picture-dealer's greediness and the imitative taste of the public ever seeks to confine the artist's conceptions. Léon Bonnat is not of a spirit to endure this constraint, his fancy must remain free and his art is bold, he only listen to his inspiration and passes as his caprice dictates from genre pictures to religious painting and from religious pictures to portraits.



To avoid the dulness of a successive enumeration of his works in the order of their appearance in the Salon, it seems preferable to us to divide into three groups the canvases of Léon Bonnat and to recall the appreciations the principal ones have received from authorized critics.

The genre pictures that he has exhibited up to the present time bear the following titles : " Paysans napolitains devant le palais Farnèse, à Rome ", Salon of 1866; " Ribera dessinant à la porte de l'Ara Cœli, à Rome ", Salon of 1867; " Une rue à Jérusalem ", Salon of 1870; " Cheik d'Akabbah ", Salon of 1872; " Barbier ture "; " Scherzo ", Salon of 1873; " les Premiers pas ", Salon of 1874; " Barbier nègre, à Suez ", Salon of 1876.

In these works so varied in subject that which appeals most to our admiration is the impenetrable surety of drawing, the vigor and brilliancy of tone, the handling that remains large and frank although carried so far; also it is the truthfulness of the sentiment of nature, the delicacy of observation and the close union of two qualities that too often exclude each other : strength and charm. There is in the pictures of Mr. Bonnat a grace notably in the " Premiers pas ", and in " Scherzo ", but this grace is not pretentious, it is simple and natural. It does not permit that these works shall be styled pretty, it keeps them in the domain of the beautiful.

I find in my artistic notes an article that my friend Jules Claretie has devoted to the Salon of Léon Bonnat in 1873, that is during the year that the master has most sacrificed himself to genre painting. The appreciation of so competent a critic on the Scherzo will be read with interest. " This Scherzo, is an Italian mother laughing in a fine hearty manner with her little daughter who shakes with pleasure on her mother's lap. Impossible to be at once

stronger or more charming than Mr. Bonnat has been in this scene. There is sunshine in this duet of two laughters, the maternal laugh and the infantile laugh clear and healthy in a luminous atmosphere. The teeth and lips of the little girl are adorable. And what richness of tone in the color of the clothing, in the blues, yellows, copper reflections, those accessories illuminated so to say from a light coming from above. In a word this Scherzo is admirable, and certainly this is one of the four or five pictures what will survive from the Salon of 1873."

In religious painting, Leon Bonnat is yet more successful. This style that demands such elevation of thought, so much science and imagination in the composition, so much power and elegance in the execution suits his talent, his aspirations and memories. During the childish years that he lived at Madrid and during his youth that he passed at Rome the master was imbued by the grandeur of christianism, in the pious shadows of fine cathedrals, in the religious freshness of their museums. The art of the ancient schools, that had aroused his vocation, breathed an ardent faith, for in those extinct epochs the greatest

artist considered it a glory to decorate a chapel. The stations of the cross in chromos that are now sold by the gross had not been invented, nor the manufacturing of virgins and saints in plaster that are forwarded by dozens to be paid on delivery. The painter then did not enter the church like a tradesman he was some-



thing between the deacon and the pontiff; he approached when he did not outstrip the preacher. He interpreted the Holy scriptures, and the religious instruction of his works penetrated more profoundly the hearts of the faithful, than the monotonous voice of the priest reading the evangel from the altar. *I buoni christiani sempre facevanno i buoni scultori*, Michael-

Angelo has said. Unless one is possessed with the faith of olden times, or has an imagination sufficiently powerful to evoke the past, they cannot at present in religious painting do work that is as valuable, and this is why so few of our contemporaries cultivate successfully this style of painting.

This will be one of Leon Bonnat's great titles to glory that he has revived in France religious paintings by means of the following works, here is the list : " The good Samaritan ", Salon of 1869 ; " Adam and Eve finding the body of Abel ", Salon of 1861 ; " Saint André en croix ", Salon of 1863 ; " Saint Peter ", Salon of 1864 ; " Saint Vincent de Paul prenant les fers d'un galérien ", Salon of 1866 ; " The Assumption, for the Virgin's chapel in the church of Saint-André at Bayonne, " medal of honor, Salon of 1869 ; " Christ ", for one of the court rooms at the Palais de Justice,





Salon of 1874; "Jacob wrestling with the angel", Salon of 1876; "Job", Salon of 1880. In these wonderful works what strikes me most forcibly is the new harmony that Bonnat has established between the ideally, religious, christianism of his subject and the intense reality of the personages placed before us. The Scriptures have found in him a naturalistic commentator. The Son of God was made man, his anguish was not a decoy it was a real anguish : Jesus suffered and died for us on the cross, nails pierced his hands and feet and made cruel wounds, the crown of thorns tore his forehead, his legs were swollen in the cruel position of a crucified. The martyr was flesh and blood although of divine essence therefore the phenomenon that ordinarily accompanies the punishment should be manifested in



him as in the thieves. The more he suffered the deeper would be his wounds and the more acute his suffering the greater should be our love. This is the doctrine according to Bonnat, and I am of those that agree with him.

This reproach of realism is often found in the appreciations of Bonnat's religious pictures. But is not this one of the interesting and original forms of his work. This character of naturalism, of precision, this scientific spirit that is to be seen in literature, in poetry, in music, even in our manners is the distinctive mark of our time. Léon Bonnat is of his century and this realism gives better than the figures the date of his pictures. Job, Jacob wrestling with the angel, and the Christ are conceived according to the modern spirit, hungry for truth. And I cannot see how these high conceptions of christianism can lose in taking form and substance.

Théophile Gautier judging the "Assomption de la Vierge" of Bonnat thus expresses his criticisms and praises : "No more complete antithesis could be imagined than "l'Apollon et les Muses" of Bouguereau and l'Assomption de la Vierge" of Bonnat to whom the medal of honor has been awarded. The picture of Bonnat is intended for a church in Bayonne the

ogive form is favorable to the arrangement of the subject. Around an antique sarcophagus, where can be seen winged funereal spirits, the apostles are kneeling in positions indicating adoration and surprise. A few raising their heads follow with their eyes the mother of the Saviour who rises in the heavens sitting on a cloud, and sustained by angels, in the midst of a floating drapery that forms a nimbus and is penetrated by a gleam of glory. The point of the ogive is thus well filled by the celestial group that forms a pyramid, while the composition spreading out in the lower portion is occupied by the apostles grouped around the tomb that the Virgin has just left.



Nothing could resemble less the episodic scenes of Italian life that founded the reputation of Bonnat than this Assumption. The historical painter in him differs totally from the genre painter. As the genre painter showed himself fine and delicate in the same degree the historical painter shows himself vigorous and strong. In this new style he seems to prefer original ugliness to classic beauty and to be much more preoccupied by character than by style.

“It is not from Raphael nor Titians that he seeks his inspirations, he belongs to the naturalists rather than to the idealists, and he closely approaches under this head to the Neapolitan school. During our voyage to Constantinople, the steamer touched at Malta and we had time to visit the ancient church of the knights of Malta, painted by Matias Preti, called the Calabrese, an artist but little known, who had represented around the vault the life of Saint John, and in the pendentifs trophies of bizarre oriental arms, and barbarous and ferocious groups. All this painted with a strength, boldness and unparalleled spirit like a master in his art, perhaps too much of a master

as frequently the great painters of the decadence were for whom the manipulations of the brush had no secrets. In looking at this "Assomption de la Vierge" by Bonnat our thoughts involuntarily turned back to the church of the knights of Malta and to Matias Preti. Do not let the comparison shock you, the Calabrese was a great painter, for example, we believe that Preti by accentuating with the same energy the drawing and color of the types of the prostrate apostles would have given more elegance and buoyancy to the Virgin that we find a little heavy in Bonnat's picture; he would have made more clearly felt the difference that should exist between the celestial and terrestrial parts of the picture, he would not have made the foot of the



apostle kneeling to the left of the sarcophagus deformed and dirty, without doubt the disciples of Christ were poor men, but their humble condition would not prevent their having the fine extremities of the semitic races. This ugly foot had never walked on the impalpable dust of Judea's roads. Mr. Bonnat should know this better than any one, he who has visited the

east. But leave these details to admire the solidity, color and tempered brilliancy of this robust painting whose faults are only an excess of energy, and praise without restriction the masculine qualities that have obtained for him the signal honor of the grand medal."

It is above all on the *Job* that the critics became excited, finding it difficult to accustom themselves to this new conception of the beautiful. However the beautiful in art does not consist entirely in physical beauty. The painter is not eternally condemned to represent only the divine Apollo and the chaste Diana. Caliban is beautiful, Quasimodo also; Shakspeare and Hugo agree with the creator of "*Job*" in finding another kind of beauty, than classic beauty in character and expression.

Less militant in tendency and less modern the "*Saint Vincent de Paul*" has on the contrary obtained the unanimous admiration of the public and the critics.

Mr. Bonnat whom we have found interesting and charming in his production of genre pictures, powerful and personal in his treatment of historical painting, has also treated portraits with an incomparable talent and incontestable superiority. In the struggle with the austerity and monotony of modern costume he has known how, without accentuating the accessories, to animate the figures of the present time with their individual thought, with that special reflection that the intelligence places on the brow and in the eyes of a man, either in the cabinet or atelier. It is especially in this kind of work that he has given proof of style and it can be said of his work as a portraitist that it forms a most precious historical gallery for posterity. It was in 1874 that Léon Bonnat exhibited his first portraits; but long before this date he had shown studies of heads and of typical figures, that served as a prelude before attacking the principal movement. One of the preludes, the most melodious perhaps was the "*Pasqua Maria*" of which we have already spoken; then followed *Gaby* in 1867 and the "*Femme fellah et son enfant*" in 1870. Permit me to divide the portraits painted by Bonnat in two categories; first those of women and young girls: Portraits of M^{lles} Dreyfus, Salon of 1874; portrait of M^{me} Pasca, Salon of 1875; portrait of M^{me} la comtesse de V..., Salon of 1878; portrait de M^{me} la comtesse de P..., Salon of 1881. I love this fine serie of feminine portraits where the grace is noble and always remains grande dame; if it were not unjust to make a choice between these works I should adhere to the opinion of one of my compeers who has openly declared for

the three portraits of 1874. "Les portraits de mesdemoiselles Dreyfus (three little girls in turkish costumes, one in blue silk, the second rose, the other a yellow stuff) are perfectly charming and gay, it reminds one from afar and in a smaller frame work of that admirable work of van Dyck that is at Turin, "les Enfants de Charles I^{er}", the three forming, in their silken garments, the tricolored flag". Respecting the serie of men's portraits they comprise the following personages: "Thiers", Salon of 1877; "le comte de Montalivet", Salon of 1878; "Victor Hugo", Salon of 1879; "Mr. Grévy", Salon of 1880; "Léon Cogniet", Salon of 1881; "Puvis de Chavannes", Salon of 1882; "Mr. Morton", ministre plénipotentiaire des États-Unis, Salon of 1883. These are great and distinguished figures whose places are marked in history. I do not only mean those of Thiers and Grévy, chief magistrates of the Republic, nor of Messrs. Montalivet and Morton, statesmen of importance but, principally Victor Hugo, Cogniet and Puvis de Chavannes, who have assured the immortality of their names.

Being unable to describe all these illustrious men I will limit myself to reproducing an article of Bergerat's on the portrait of Victor Hugo. "I do not know how any other painter than Bonnat would have come off from the severe and powerful theme that the august visage of the greatest poet of modern times offers to the portraitist. Here are no seductive accessories, no brilliant stuffs, nothing that could lighten the agony of an artist's soul face to face with tangible and visible genius. In our contemporary school only, Leon Bonnat was sufficiently strong to undertake such a task, but what a stake he played for! for this time it was not before the public but before immortality that he placed his easel. In art, Bonnat is intrepid, he accepted his work in its formidable simplicity: Victor Hugo, in a black frockcoat seated in an armchair his hand in his waistcoat, looking steadily in front of him. Those who have had the not to be forgotten honor of being admitted to the poet's intimacy, well know that black, profound glance that shines inwardly. It is the look of him who see beyond the present, how Leon Bonnat has seized it I do not know but it will be an eternal glory to him. By an artifice familiar to him, the painter has made the head and hands to stand out on a brownish black background which has permitted him to model the clothes in all their shades of grayishness. But why should I talk of the handiwork before such a picture, and what eulogy can one address to the artist who, has been able to remain a master before such a master?"

In regard to the portrait of Bonnat by himself, it is a simple and vigorous study, where the painter has succeeded in reproducing his brown energetic visage with the flaming glance that astonished Federico Madrazzo thirty seven years ago, and that sparkles brighter than ever under the shade of his arched eyebrows.

The pupil of the atelier of Madrid, commandeur of the Légion d'honneur since 1882, and membre d'Institut, has succeeded Mr. Hebert in the direction of a very important atelier for pupils and in that founded by his former master Cogniet; no one could be better prepared than he to fill the high and difficult mission of educator for which urbanity of character, a respect for the tendencies of each, and the authority of uneontested works is necessary.

SAINT-JUIRS.





ALMA - TADEMA



The eighth of January 1836 should mark an era at Dronryp, a picturesque little village in Dutch Friesland, for on that day was born to the notary Peter Tadema, who was himself a man of talent, a son destined to become one of the most remarkable of modern painters. The name of this ancient Frisian family was far from being obscure, it is to be found in the legends that treat of the formation of the Zuyderzee, but without the prefix Alma, which the painter received from his godfather and has always used.

Whilst still a child, his favorite plaything was a pencil, and he relates that at the age of four years, moved by that instinctive sureness which never forsakes him, he indicated in the drawing of an artist an error, that the artist had the rare wisdom to rectify. And it was at this tender age that Lawrence lost his father. The family was numerous

and the fortune small but the widow, although delicate, was equal to her task. Difficulties did not dismay her. Gifted with a strong will she taught her son to look obstacles steadily in the face and overcome them. This education necessarily produced its fruits, for notwithstanding the child's remarkable inclination for painting, and in spite of his prayers that he might be allowed to devote himself entirely to it, his mother and guardians decided that they would have him follow a university course.

So Lawrence, notwithstanding his remonstrances, was sent to the college of Leeuwarden. Here the study of latin and greek classics soon



aroused his curiosity, he longed to know the mode of life of the ancients, which later, he was to make known to us by his pictures, that are so many revelations. During these school years, it was only between times, in hours taken from recreation or from his sleep, that he indulged his artistic instincts. For this purpose, he coaxed his mother to awaken him, as soon as it was light, by pulling a cord that he had tied to his foot before falling asleep. Do you not admire this child thus shaking off the torpor that threatened to

overcome him, and devoting himself courageously to his favorite occupation? His only master was a professor of drawing, an unsuccessful pupil of the great painter Van der Kooy, the David of Holland; but he worked with so much ardor that in the year 1851 his first picture, a portrait of his sister, was exhibited in a Dutch exhibition. About the same epoch, he painted his own portrait, which now hangs in his elder daughter's study. It is perhaps a little hard in tone, although the vigorous drawing shows that the hand will be that of a master and the background already indicates a marked preference for the study of architecture and perspective.

These earlier years of Alma-Tadema were a period of real torment: must he quench forever the sacred fire that drew him towards his ideal, and follow an arid career of study without an aim?

Lawrence at fifteen was pale and ailing, and it seemed as though the body would succumb to the struggle that was taking place in this delicate and ardent mind. All work became an insurmountable fatigue. The physi-

cians who were called in declared that Lawrence was consumptive and would not attain the age of manhood.

Then the poor, disconsolate mother determined that at least the last years of her child's life should be years of happiness, gave him the use of his brushes.



Today we all bless the physician's sentence, for as soon as the young artist could give free vent to his aspirations and live entirely for art, the malady was conquered and conquered for ever.

But where find a school suitable to develop his talent? He applied in vain to the Dutch artists, they did not understand him; then he went to Antwerp where at that time a great artistic activity reigned and where romanticism was at its height.

Alma-Tadema felt himself drawn towards the Flemish school: he entered the academy then under the intelligent direction of Wappers. Of an energetic and persevering nature, Alma-Tadema would no longer allow himself repose: had he not to make up for lost years? Rendered strong by feeling that his vocation was understood, he followed it with ardor, but he was ambitious to rise high and always to go higher. The route that he followed later is indicated by the subjects that he chose. Almost all are taken from fabulous history; it was necessary for him to conjecture, to reconstruct. Alas! it is impossible to judge of these studies, for, unable to attain the desired goal, the artist's hand destroyed them remorselessly. Nothing went from his atelier that did not in a measure correspond with what he sought to do. For that matter we still see at the present time the same sentiment that guided the artist at that epoch. He will sacrifice the work of many weeks in search after the desired tone, in efforts to render with fidelity the details of expression and science, that not one person in a thousand can appreciate. Most of his pictures are painted over others equally beautiful; and it is calmly and without regret that he effaces figures



and details that have held us entranced. But the animated and clear-seeing eye of the poet-painter that penetrates beyond our vision tells us "that art is sacerdotal; that every artist should efface and work again and again at the same theme until he has in some slight degree approached the truth."

In 1863, Alma-Tadema had the sorrow to lose his worthy mother whom he adored and who with his sister has joined him at Antwerp. It is sad to think that she did not live long enough to enjoy her son's reputation, but at least she saw the picture that marked the commencement of his success:



"The Education of Clothilde's grandsons", exhibited in 1861 at Antwerp. This was the first picture painted under the influence of Leys, of whom to this day the artist feels it an honor to proclaim himself a pupil. He had all the more opportunity to profit by the counsels of this great artist as he worked on his pictures, in the same manner as did the pupils in former times in the great era of art. The exactness of the historical and archaeological details of the picture that we have just cited, the vigor of the coloring, the manner in which the subject was treated, the finish of the old Dutch school joined to the sentiment of the beautiful of the modern French school, foretold the artist that we know today.

The Antwerp Society for the Encouragement of Fine Arts bought this picture for the miserable sum of sixteen hundred francs: but this was a matter of less importance to Alma-Tadema as his reputation was now made.

That the partially fabulous Merovingian chronicles attracted him irresistibly is proved by his picture of "Gontran-Boson", and that of "Prétextat adressant des reproches à Frédégonde, qui vient le visiter à son lit de mort".

And in 1878, it was from this same source that he again drew, when he executed his great picture of "Frédégonde". The abandoned wife looks from her window upon the nuptial festivals of her rival Galswinthe, sister

of queen Brunehaut. It is in this picture especially that the painter has known how to render with marvellous intuition the barbaric splendor and indomptable passion, the transition from paganism to christianity that characterized that epoch. "Why do you so often paint these Merovingian, barbarians?"

he was once asked "It is true," he answered, "they are not worth much, but then they are so picturesque."

But the barbarous ages have not alone occupied this painter who is pre-eminently the painter of all that civilization has created to embellish life and make it lovely. Alma-Tadema also



turned his gaze towards the source of all culture, the great mysterious country of Isis and Osiris; towards Greece and Italy and especially towards imperial Rome.

To treat his favorite themes from a strictly archaeological point of view, and to delineate classic antiquity by servilely copying what remains to us, did not fulfill Alma-Tadema's idea. He desired to show us that Egypt was

something else besides an empire, that men and women had lived there who experienced the same joys and griefs as ourselves; and those who have seen these canvases so rich in poetic instinct, in daring and original conception, must agree with us that the master has in reality caused those vanished times to live again.

Let us mention some of these pictures: "*Comment on s'amusait en Égypte, il y a trois mille ans*"; "*Un Égyptien debout contre sa porte entr'ouverte*"; "*Les Joueurs d'échecs*"; etc. His finest Egyptian picture is



most surely that taken from the Bible illustrating: "*The death of the first born*". Prayers, offerings, sacred songs, could not prevail against the terrible avenger. Death has entered the royal dwelling and the oldest son of Pharaoh lies there lifeless on the lap of his father. Observe the Egyptian immobility of Pharaoh who wills to appear calm, but whose trembling lips betray in spite of him self his re-

strained emotion. This picture of profound sentiment seems to us the most extraordinarily pathetic and lifelike that the master has painted. In every effect of light it reveals to us new aspects of grief. And yet there is nothing that is too painful in the picture. The painter of the joyous and sensuous people of ancient times does not understand the exaggerated and complex sentiments of modern days. Alma-Tadema abhors all that is false or forced, there is nothing morbid in his nature. He has no comprehension for great passions, or involved emotions.

In 1864, Alma-Tadema was married to Marie-Pauline Gressin Dumoulin du Bois-Girard, a French woman. Three children were the fruit of this union, but the son was not destined to perpetuate the father's name. In 1869, the mother died also, and a year later, Alma-Tadema, who at the epoch of

his marriage had settled in Brussels, left that city and went to live in London.

England, her people and institutions were sympathetic to him in many ways for is he not also of the anglo-saxon race? Do not the Frisian peasants still speak almost the same idiom as that of the Anglo-Saxons who crossed over to Scotland where they have preserved it to the present time? It was in England too that in 1871 he again knew domestic happiness, and was enabled to give his daughters a second mother in Laura-Theresa Epps, a talented and gifted artist whose pictures have often been exhibited at the Paris Salon and other International Exhibitions.

In 1873, he received from Queen Victoria letters of naturalization, and he is proud to call himself a subject of Great Britain.

Guided by the experience of the great masters, Alma-Tadema's theory is that travelling during the student period only serves to perplex an artist in the beginning of his career. So he refused to leave Antwerp although offers were made to enable him to travel. Consequently he saw positively nothing but the art that surrounded him until in 1861 the success of his picture "*L'éducation des petits-fils de Clothilde*" assured him that he had made his mark. Then, feeling that he could now travel with profit, he left Antwerp and went to Cologne to see the Exhibition of German Art. The following year, 1862, he went to London to visit the Universal Exhibition. He did not see Rome until 1863. Since then he has often visited Italy, for like a grateful son he loves the land whose ancient history has inspired so many of his successes. But he has never been to Greece or Egypt; the Orient has in a manner been revealed to him by his archaeological studies and by his creative imagination. He did not come to Paris until 1864, when he received a gold medal for his picture "*Il y a trois mille ans*".

It is easy to understand how later Alma-Tadema sought his subjects in the Latin and Hellenic countries. What other civilisation combined the characteristic traits for which he had so great a sympathy? And permit us to insist on this point. The pictures that the master gives us are not modern scenes travestied as classic scenes by the aid of garments and accessories, nor are they servile imitations of Pompeian paintings, like so many that we see at present, now that the Orient is the fashion of the day; the "*arranged East*" as the French say with a convenient phrase.

Alma-Tadema has grasped the vestiges of costumes and manners as they

have survived in monuments and literary allusions, and, after passing them through the alembic of his brains he has penetrated to the real life, into the moral atmosphere of these people that have been dead for centuries, he



makes them alive to us again like human beings whom we understand and have known. We accompany them to the public games, to the Forum, to the Temple, to their business; we take part in their "Vintage festivals" their "Pyrrhic dances". We see Phidias showing with worthy pride, to the art connoisseurs, the immortal friezes of the Aeropolis. We almost believe ourselves in Rome while we look at "Tarquinus Superbus" knocking off the heads of the tallest poppies in his garden; our gaze follows Agrippa as he goes to give audience to

his clients, we are present while the Pretorians proclaim Emperor, the catiff Claudius, who, hidden behind a curtain, is paralyzed by fear. Alma-Tadema also makes us acquainted with their "Fêtes intimes"; we are permitted to be present at their siesta, to peep into the tepida-





rium where beautiful young women and irresistible girls sport in the water. Here are great roman ladies at play with their favorite aquatic pets; there illustrious senators during the great summer heat find nothing nobler to rest them from their fatigue than to intoxicate themselves with the perfume of flowers whilst listening to sweet languorous music. We seem to almost hear their declarations of love, we are in their home, living their life. The odes of Horace, the love songs of Catullus and of Anacreon, the idyls of Theocritus take form before our eyes.

Croyez-vous qu'il soit facile
De nous rendre ainsi vivant
Théocrite de Sicile?
Il veut un pinceau docile
De poète et de savant,
Ce maître du doux Virgile (1).

But in thus rendering us spectators of the lives of the ancients, in showing them freed from the constraints of etiquette, Alma-Tadema removes from them all modern incongruities he does not forget to note with particular care that these people lived in an intellectual world different from ours and that their life and character showed the impression of this difference. The revelers keep within bounds, religious enthusiasm is there, joy is depicted, but not the extravagant frenzy of sensual passion. There is movement and life but the limits of the picturesque are never overstepped, for Alma-Tadema is never theatrical.

"Everything which concerns my art" he has said "is the expression of an idea; my pictures represents different subjects, but in them I have but expressed a homogeneous artistic research."

The reputation of Alma-Tadema is universal; honors and decorations have come to him from all sides. Orders arrive faster than he can execute them, notwithstanding the fertility of his brain and his incessant labor.

(1) Joseph Boulmier.



Gifted with quick ability he paints rapidly it is true, but he paints with too great care and conscience ever to finish one of his pictures hastily, even the least of them has cost him a fund of patience and study. He has, like musicians, the praiseworthy habit of numbering each of his works; so it is impossible to mistake their chronological order.

Happily for him and for the public, Alma-Tadema is not spoilt by success; he becomes if it is possible more difficult to please and more critical in his work. He never loses sight of the motto "noblesse oblige", his

researches after his ideal, after the truth are incessant. It is a great pleasure to see him use his brushes, or rapidly indicate a new work, each feature of which has a meaning or tells a fact. In his manner, in the finish that he produces, Alma-Tadema has remained a follower of the Dutch school and pre-eminently in his pursuit of light he recalls to us Peter de Hooghe, the great master of his native land.



Alma-Tadema's nature is as ardent as his art; kindness forms the basis of his character; but, in principle, he has a holy horror of all negligence in work and above all in painting. "I am too fond of my art", he has said, "to admit that a picture patched up in haste is a work of art, and it enrages me to see that the public often accepts it as such."

We are happy to be able to add that the man is equal to the painter. Kind-hearted he is always ready to lend a helping hand to those who appeal to him as an example of this is "l'Escalier", an engraving. Of which illustrates these pages. It was given by him in 1870 to the lottery for the benefit of the French peasants.

It was by portraits that Alma-Tadema made his entrance into the art world, and these last years he has desired to occupy himself seriously with that branch of art.

Let us mention the portrait of Hans Richter, the great orchestral leader of Vienna, who has caused the name of Berlioz to live again in London; that of Ludwig Barnay, the Hungarian actor, represented as Mark-Antony; then those of the Count Bylandt and the Duchess of Cleveland, exhibited May 1883, at the Grosvenor gallery; the first is so lifelike, the hands alone would make one understand the science of Lavater; the second is a chef-d'œuvre in flesh tints and in this is especially seen Alma-Tadema's predilection for the gothic, as also in the portrait of his second daughter. And let us not forget to mention his portrait-pictures among which one of the most successful is that of Madame Semon so well known in the musical world, under the name of Miss Redecker; she is singing, standing, accompanied by her husband.

Still it is not as a portrait painter that Alma-Tadema will ever reap his greatest triumphs, nor as a portrait painter that he will be remembered. Excellent as these works are in themselves, they are, with two exceptions, that of the Italian sculptor Amendola and of the Dutch etcher Lœwenstam, not picture-portraits, such as a future generation would care to possess, whether they had known the originals or no. It is the weak point in Alma-Tadema's art, as well perhaps as its strength and that which enables him so well to reproduce the classical character, that facial expression is not his forte. He can therefore better put before us the rather immobile, stereotyped features of the men and women who lived in Greece and Rome than our moderns with their complex emotions, their hyper-sensitive, highly strung nerves. For this he has no comprehension, neither by temperament nor race. For him feelings and events are simple, direct, as they were, or as we suppose they were in ancient days, ere the world had grown feverish, analytic; and hence his grandest works will ever be found among those that reproduce the earlier period.

Where so much is excellent it is almost indvidious to specialize, but his chefs-d'œuvre in that direction are perhaps the "Sculpture Gallery" and the "Picture Gallery", in both of which Roman amateurs are visiting the studios of their artistic contemporaries, admiring and criticising their labours, after the manner also of to-day. They may truly be regarded as typical Alma-Ta-

dema's. Both are full of accurate archeological research, displayed in the minutest detail, in both the artist's extraordinary imitative power of reproducing textures is seen to highest advantage; yet both are indicative of the error into which more or less all his pictures are apt to fall, namely that the inanimate element is not sufficiently subjugated to the human, and that hence marbles, silks, statues, pictures and so forth, take the eye as prominently as the living personages.



Alma-Tadema has of late years been inclined to repeat the same motifs with slight variations. Probably this arises rather from a desire to attain to ever greater perfection than from a falling off in invention. This feature is specially noticeable in a graceful idyl of a young girl seated on an exhedra beyond which is seen the deep blue southern sea. Her lover lies on the bench beside her, plucking at her flowing white robes in supplicating attitude or offering her the roses she carelessly plucks to pieces as she hesitates what reply to give to his question. This idea which has been repeated in oil and water color and always kept of a small size, is among the gems of the artist's brush for luminousness of color and charm of handling. One of the

variants is that exhibited in the Grosvenor Gallery of 1885 called "Expectation". In this the girl sits on her seat alone, overlooking the blue bay with its distant classic town, and watching the approach of a small sailing boat that doubtless bears to her the absent lover. Exquisite in its harmony of coloring is this small canvas literally bathed in sunshine. The white marble, mellowed and heated by the sun's rays is a marvel of execution, and no less so is the blossoming Judea tree that casts the shadow of its pink blossoms on the bench and floor.

This artist, who in all things is the accurate precise Dutchman, has the

laudable habit which he has borrowed from musicians of numbering all his works. Opus 300 has some time ago been left behind. The practice, which it is to be desired that other artists would follow has much to recommend it. It would save both amateurs and dealers an infinitude of trouble and doubt and establish the sequence of an artist's works beyond dispute.

It was Diderot who pronounced the maxim : " *Le milieu explique l'homme, l'atelier commente l'œuvre* ", and so true is this of Alma-Tadema that it would be scarcely just to close a notice of his art without naming his house, also a work of art from his own brain. Architecture has always had an attraction for him, he is fond of constructing, contriving, especially fond of decorating. As might have been expected in his house, his affinity for the lucid in color, the translucid in surface is prominent. No one especial style or period is preserved throughout. The house is eclectic like its creator's art. The studio is naturally the centre of interest. This is a by no means large room, square, on the first floor, with no special means of admitting light beyond a wide high window. Its decoration in color and general character is pompeian, the walls being painted in fresco from the artist's own hand; frescoes that at a distance look like grave Pompeian themes and looked into more closely are found to be so many jeux d'esprit; for this genial man dearly loves a joke. The fine painted ceiling, also from his own hand is an adaptation of one in the Baths of Titus in Rome. No artistic litter pervades the place, no canvases except those on which the painter is at work are to be seen. Everything is tidily put away in the pigeon holed classical cupboard that lines one end of the room. Descending three brass steps the visitor finds himself in a small apartment that is wholly Dutch in design, with vaulted roof and dark oaken pannelled walls, and from this by a sharp transition in style divided off only by a curtain that hangs from a double-headed archway, he passes into a room that is entirely gilt, ceiling and walls being overlaid with burnished gold leaf. Into this lovely room, the light falls through a window formed of Mexican onyx, an effect as beautiful by day as by night, when by an arrangement of candles put behind, an effect of artificial moonlight is produced. Thence a third sitting room is approached. This is supported by yellow marble columns, and is hung with gorgeous embroideries culled from an old Venetian palace. Turkish rugs and Oriental stuffs are piled about this salon which is one of the most comfortable of the whole suite. From this again a little Pompeian room is reached which in its turn again admits into

the studio. The worker's room is thus placed in the very midst of the reception apartments, and shut off from them only by a curtain.

Alma-Tadema so well known in London, is a stoutly built man of medium height, with an expression of strength and kindliness. His observing eye is extremely animated and pleasing; his strong sonorous voice welcomes you as no other can. Full of energy, his ardent enthusiasm for all that is beautiful and good seems to be communicated to all who come in contact with him, one feels better and stronger after having talked with him in that atelier where the littleness of every day life is forgotten.

"The secret of my success in my art", we have heard him say, "proceeds from this that I have always remained faithful to my programme, that I have worked after my own inspiration and have never imitated other artists. To succeed in whatsoever, it may be in this life, it is first necessary to be faithful to one's self, and I believe that I have been this."

HELEN ZIMMERN.





E. MEISSONIER



Lately I was rereading the *Fantasio* of Alfred de Musset, and as my mind was already occupied by the idea of writing a study on Mr. Meissonier I was particularly struck by a passage in this brilliant comedy. I quote it from memory. "Who? I do not know, some beautiful girl plump as the women painted by Mieris; something soft as the west wind and pale as a moonbeam; something pensive like the little tavern maids in Flemish pictures, as they serve the stirrup cup to a traveller in high boots; sitting straight as a rod on a large white horse. What a delightful thing is this stirrup cup! A young woman on the threshold, a cheerful fire that we perceive in the distance behind her, the soup all prepared, and the children asleep; all the tranquility of peaceful contem-

plative life, in the corner of a picture! And the man still breathless, but firm in his saddle, having rode twenty leagues and having thirty more to ride; a glass of brandy, and adieu. The night is dark, the weather threatening and the forest dangerous; the woman follows him with her eyes for a minute, then returning to her fire she lets fall, that sublime alms of the poor: God keep you!"

All Mr. Meissonier art is summed up in the following: observation, intelligence and emotion enclosed in a panel the size of a hand. For the last fifty



years this painter, who is a master, has steadily pursued, with a measured tread the route that he had laid out for himself and if sometimes in following it, he has renewed the works of Metz, Mieris, Gérard Dow and Terburg, it has been by making for himself a path by their side. He was very daring at the outset of his career about 1830, for surely it was very bold to be other than classic, and required great courage not to join the romantics; but he navigated between these two currents that were carrying French Art towards unknown regions; and settled himself in a style that in the course of years was raised to the level of historical painting.

It was not through fear that Mr. Meissonier acted thus, for fear and he were never fellow travellers, but by necessity, inclination and by the very legitimate desire to be some one between Mr. Ingres and Mr. Delacroix, if not to take a place by their side. From his birth his life was a struggle, and he seems to have been cradled with misery. This he has in common with many of his brother craftsmen. There have been many stories told of the early years of Mr. Meissonier, charming and false legends have been carefully constructed, and like all other legends show him to us as a new Lantara painting tavern signs and immortalizing the counter of a wine seller by a touch of his brush.

What we know is that as an illustrator he was inventive, ingenious and sparkling, and that he strove in piquant vignettes to restore past times and

dead and buried centuries with little figures, that had the stamp of the time and manners of long ago. Thus he executed a prelude to his future works; already he had sureness of touch, a consummate cleverness and a personal accent. That which Michelet excelled in stating concisely with a stroke of his pen, in his works on retrospective history, Mr. Meissonier narrates with the point of his pencil.

Although Meissonier's temperament inclined him towards the Romantic school never for an instant did he contemplate joining them. He admired the romantics for others but not for himself, and he defended and admired them without following. Eugene Delacroix, who was not very communicative, rendered Meissonier justice. "Meissonier, so one day said the author of the "Massacres de Scio", is the most unquestioned master of our epoch." Eugene Delacroix knew the obstacles that are strewn in the paths of artists and how multiplied and grievous are the stations he has to go over. Therefore he esteemed his confrere who was able to paint grand pictures on small canvases.

Meissonier is in art a kind of evocator. An epoch, a reign or a century strikes him; immediately with an isolated figure or a group of several personages placed in an architectural centre where the most fervent archæologist could find nothing to reprove. He will show you the customs and habits of a royalty that has vanished in the perspective of years, but that has been faithfully treasured by the memorialists of the time that they



recall. He delights in everything that is elegant, distinguished and heroic, nevertheless he does not disdain the picturesque of a bandit, the ferocious courage of a ruffian, or the feline savageness of a cut-throat. Only provided that there are shimmering of stuffs and flashing arms, that men are struggling one against another, showing by a gesture, in a movement of the body in a physiognomy ennobled by courage or debased by brutality, haughty passion or inherent vice and he is satisfied; for he has been able to paint humanity thus, under two aspects: one that smiles and one that menaces.

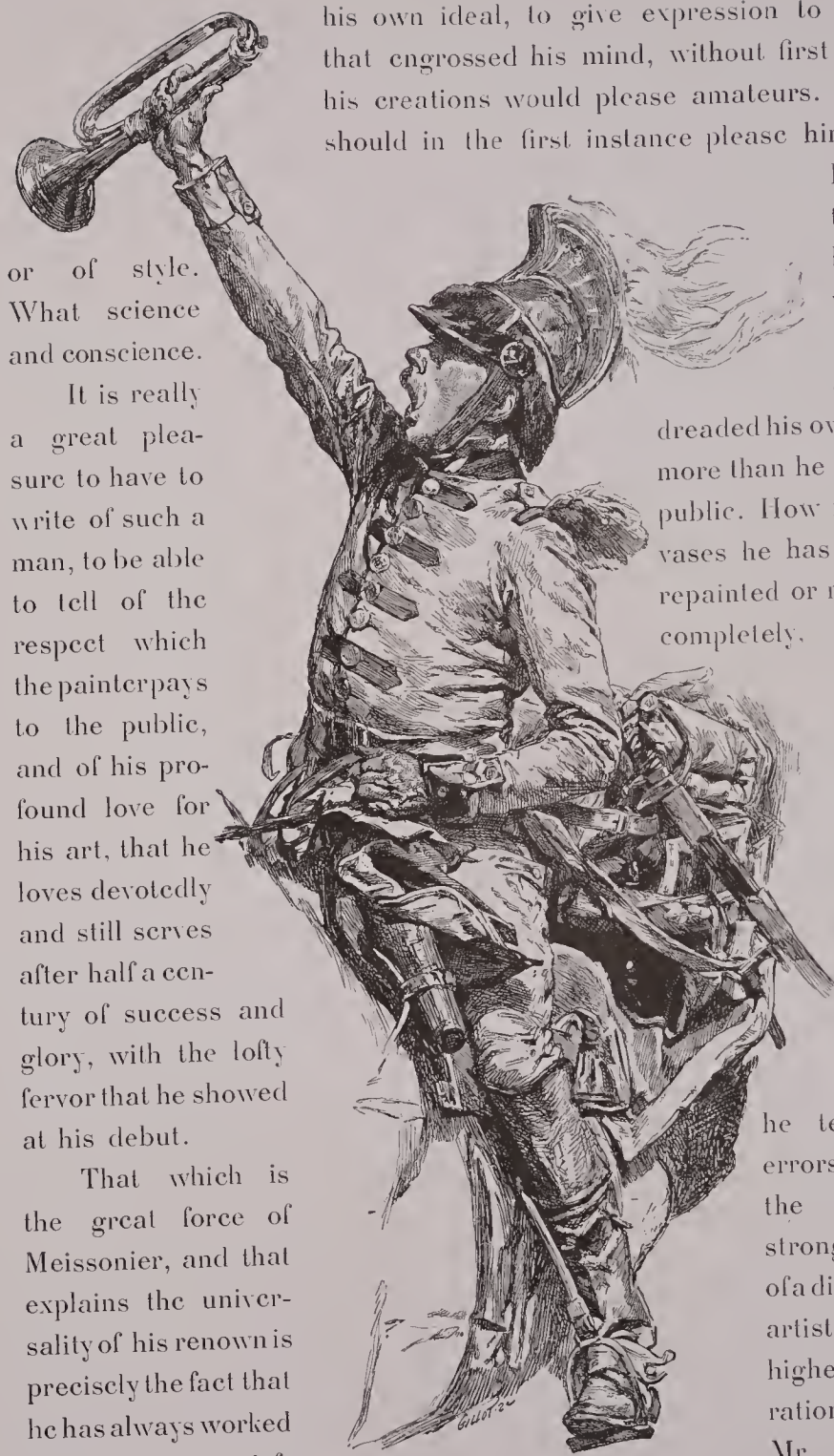
In this order of ideas, I will mention: "Un Hallebardier" (1840); "L'Homme à l'épée" (1851); "Troupe en marche" (1851);

"Les Bravi" (1852); "La Garde civique" (1853); "Cavalier Louis XIII" (1854); "La Rixe" (1855); "Un Bravo" (1857); "La Halte" (1864); "Le Cavalier à la pipe" (1864); "Un Officier" (1865).

This is one aspect of Meissonier's art, the bright colored, and beplumed side, full of humor and fantasy, of glitter and gashes; where often the profile makes grimaces like the vagabond of Callot; where knives and rapiers are exercised as Goya's heroes used them. What brilliancy and animation, what *furia* penetrates these episodes so varied, novel and skillfully

presented! With what an expert hand the painter has indicated everything, without any error in taste or anachronism, without either lapse of memory





or of style.
What science
and conscience.

It is really
a great plea-
sure to have to
write of such a
man, to be able
to tell of the
respect which
the painter pays
to the public,
and of his pro-
found love for
his art, that he
loves devotedly
and still serves
after half a cen-
tury of success and
glory, with the lofty
fervor that he showed
at his debut.

That which is
the great force of
Meissonier, and that
explains the univer-
sality of his renown is
precisely the fact that
he has always worked
for himself, to satisfy

his own ideal, to give expression to chimeras
that engrossed his mind, without first asking if
his creations would please amateurs. That they
should in the first instance please himself was

his ambi-
tion, for he
knew he
was severe
to himself
and he

dreaded his own censure
more than he feared the
public. How many can-
vases he has modified;
repainted or rubbed out
completely.

sacrificing
thus, to his
own digni-
ty, the
heaps of
gold with
which,
might
have been
covered
these can-
vases that

he termed his
errors! This is
the act of a
strong character
of a distinguished
artist worthy the
highest consid-
eration. Certainly
Mr. Meissonier

has enemies; but they all agree in not contesting his having the rare virtue that I have just pointed out. They discuss the man but they salute the artist.



After the brilliant pages of which I have already enumerated a few of the titles and indicated some dates, and before approaching the military pictures of Meissonier, I cannot do otherwise than dwell upon what I will name the *reine intime*, the marvellous vein shown by the painter. It is the most important part of his work; and of greatest interest. From this stand-



point he is a painter of genius that is, if genius consists in giving the sensation of real life. He tells a personage's social status, his tastes, aptitudes, qualities and defects, the springs that influence and the passions that over power him. He expresses an elegy in the soliloquy of one cavalier, love passages in the communicative warmth of another; here a flirtation is suggested while there

a drama is accomplished. Some of his compositions of the xviiith century seem to have sprung living from the feverish pages of the *Nerve de Rameau*. He delights in the xviiith century, and is constantly returning to it. His Readers, Artists, Philosophers and Amateurs are all clothed in garments silk or velvet, with powder on their heads, and the sword in the scabbard. It is a kind of mustiness of the mind, that oozes from the encyclopedia, that embalms all the scenes that have proceeded from this magic brush.

He knows how to extend beyond the common measure by infinitely small creations. With him the inhabitants of Lilliput are the size of giants. None can excell Meissonier in giving to a figure the tone, air, attitude and physiognomy that it requires. As soon as the figure is seen it

can be classified. Such a one personifies a dreamer, another the learned professor; this an artist, and that an amateur. Here idleness predominates, there labor commands. The drawing is always perfect, enveloped and large, the arrangement is agreeable to the most prejudiced; the color is pleasing and the harmony exquisite. Only to name the subjects chosen by Mr. Meis-



sonnier would fill a volume; and then the analyst would fall below the inventor. Since the "Bourgeois Flamands" (1834) and the first "Partie d'échecs" (1835), how many amusing repetitions and adorable commencements we have seen. Mr. Meissonier has striven to change and vary the themes that preoccupy him, always finding a new youth for the subjects that come from his brush and seem to become animate upon his palette. However he shows a preference for an isolated figure, and the greater portion of the canvases that compose his second manner are either the passion of the musician, as a "Violoncelliste" (1841) striving to execute correctly the "Romanesca" or the love of letters, as personified by the "Liseur" (1851); or the "Jeune homme travaillant" (1852); the "Amateur d'Estampes" (1854); the "Liseur rose" (1856); the "Fumeur" (1857); the "Liseur" (1857) a variation of the panel painted in 1851; the "Incroyable" (1858) perfumed, shining with his cane of grape-vine stock his eyeglass and flashy trinkets hanging from his fob. On a little hand made placard on the left of this picture, that recalls

the good old days of the Palais-Royal, we read: "An apprentice wanted by the citizen Meissonier, painter, rue de l'Homme-Armé". The "Joueur de flûte" dates from 1858; the "Ecrivain du temps de Louis XV", is of the same year; the "Philosophe" from 1860; the "Graveur" from 1862. This last

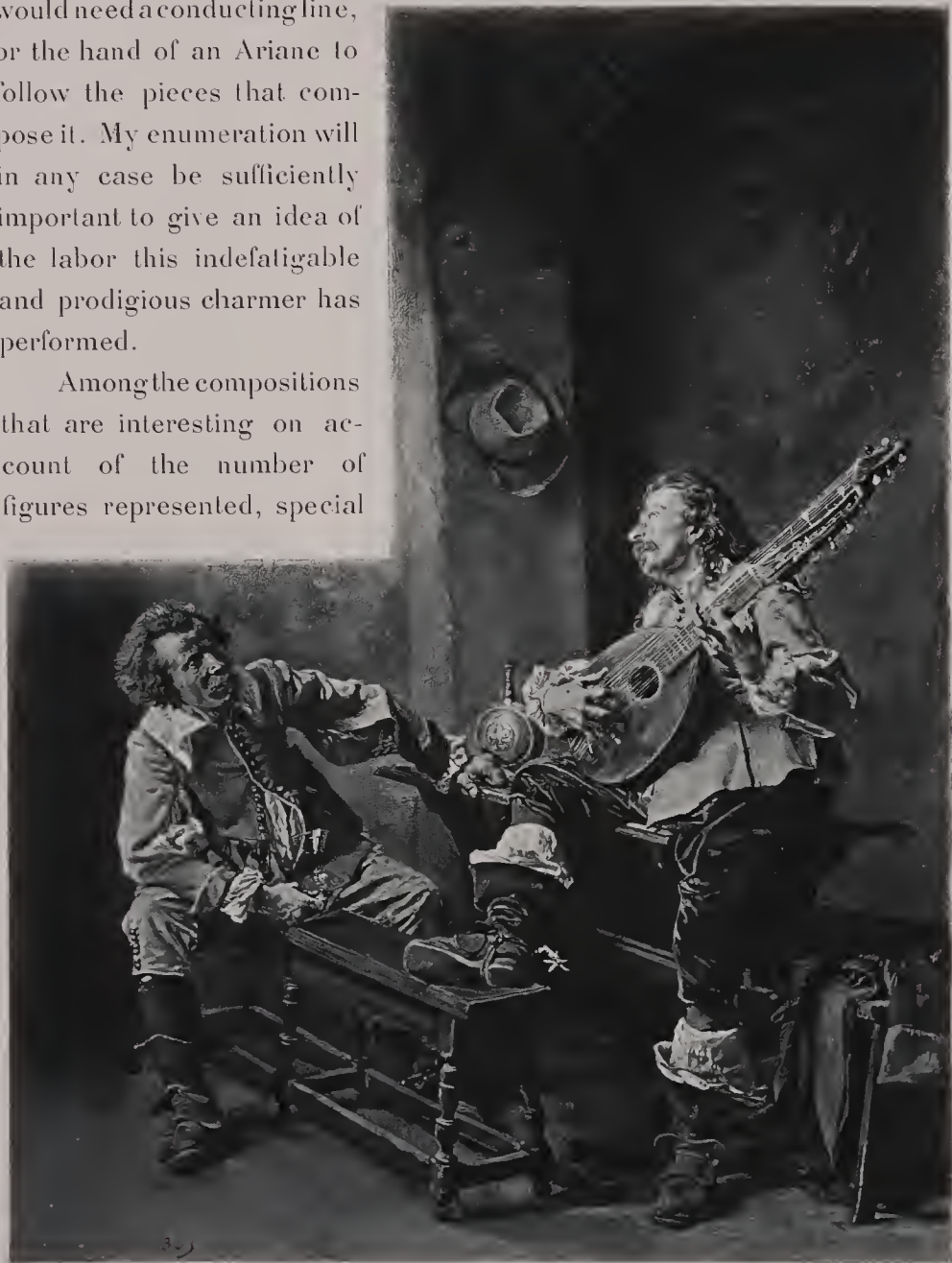


picture is a marvel, a jewel. Seated, leaning on a table placed in front of the window, the light softened by passing through a paper that is stretched over a frame, the engraver; with a cigarette in his hand, examines attentively the action of the acid on the plate. It is a portrait of Mr. Meissonier's son. The table is covered with phials and different objects. On the floor a earthen vessel near it a Louis XV regulator.

In 1871, we must mention the "Recherche littéraire", a young man in a

dressing-gown is reading a manuscript. He is seated in an armchair near the mantle-piece, pen in hand, with a folio open before him and others on a table and chair placed near. In this nomenclature that I have undertaken, I know there are omissions and chasms; this arises from the fact that Mr. Meissonier's work is dispersed through the four quarters of the world, and one would need a conducting line, or the hand of an Ariane to follow the pieces that compose it. My enumeration will in any case be sufficiently important to give an idea of the labor this indefatigable and prodigious charmer has performed.

Among the compositions that are interesting on account of the number of figures represented, special





mention must be made of the "Partie d'échecs" (1841) where, dressed in black, the painter Emile Béranger figures, and the figure in brown is Mr. Dromont, both friends of Mr. Meissonier; in the "Amateurs de peinture" (1843). The painter is Mr. Steinheil, brother-in-law of Mr. Meissonier, and the man dressed in rose leaning on the back of a chair, is Mr. Decaisne, the botanist.

The "Peintre montrant des dessins" dates from 1850. An atelier in charming disorder, with incongruous objects scattered here and there; a portfolio full of drawings open on a stool, another, behind, overflowing with sheets larger than it can hold, some faded roses on the table, and on the mantle-piece an conglomeration of phials and brushes. The painter, dressed in black, holding on his knee a portfolio, is showing his visitor, a man of mark, in light colored garments, an engraving. A portrait of a man hanging on the wall, is the portrait of Meissonier himself at the side is a picture representing Samson this composition was made, by the author of the picture, for an edition of Bossuet's *Histoire universelle*.



The "Joueurs de boules à Saint-Germain" continues this marvellous serie full of animation, brio, refinement and penetration, that has given to Meissonier so important a place in contemporary art.



A canvas whose date I cannot discover, entitled "Innocents and Malins", belongs to the serie of anecdotes that Mr. Meissonier relates so happily. The picture in question represents soldiers of Louis XIIIth time, assembled through the chances of warfare in the low ceilinged room of a farm, and refreshing themselves after the fatigues of their trade by playing cards. There are six of them seated on either side of the table; two players, and four giving advice, but all interested in the chances of the game. And as the title indicates, the wolf struggles with the lamb; the latter will surely be eaten, but he will put off as long as possible the disagreeable

moment. The left side of the table is held by the rogues or malins, to whom the trick is familiar. The player on this side is sure of winning whilst his adversary on the contrary hesitates, fumbles and finally throws down the card he ought not to have thrown. Three cavaliers standing look on

impassable, one smokes his pipe, another fingers the pommel of his rapier. On a bench is placed a stone ware jug and a glass. This picture is reproduced in this work it is one of the finest the master has painted.

And what have I not still to describe? "Partie gagnée" and "Partie perdue" (1858); "Amateur de tableaux chez un peintre" (1859); and that pearl: "La Lecture chez Diderot" (1859). They are all there those friends of intellect, those contributors to the monument: the Encyclopedia. There surely is Grimm, d'Alembert, Holbaeh and Helvetius. Standing or seated, in different positions, they listen attentively to the reading of his *Salons* by the platonic lover of M^{lle} Volland. The eharacteristic expression of each of the auditors, the variety in their eostumes, the piquancy of their physiognomies, that indefinable winged and spiritual something, that floats in the atmosphere, the enveloping light striking

here and there a sparkle, gives to this page a remarkable intensity of intimate life. "Les Amateurs de peinture" (1860) shows us the



painter at his easel with three visitors watching attentively the work of his brush; one who is standing dressed in grey, bends down to get a better view, another seated, is seen in profile, holding his hat and cane in his hand; the third standing against a screen, pauses in the act of taking snuff; he is going to break the silence and risk a creticism... Hanging

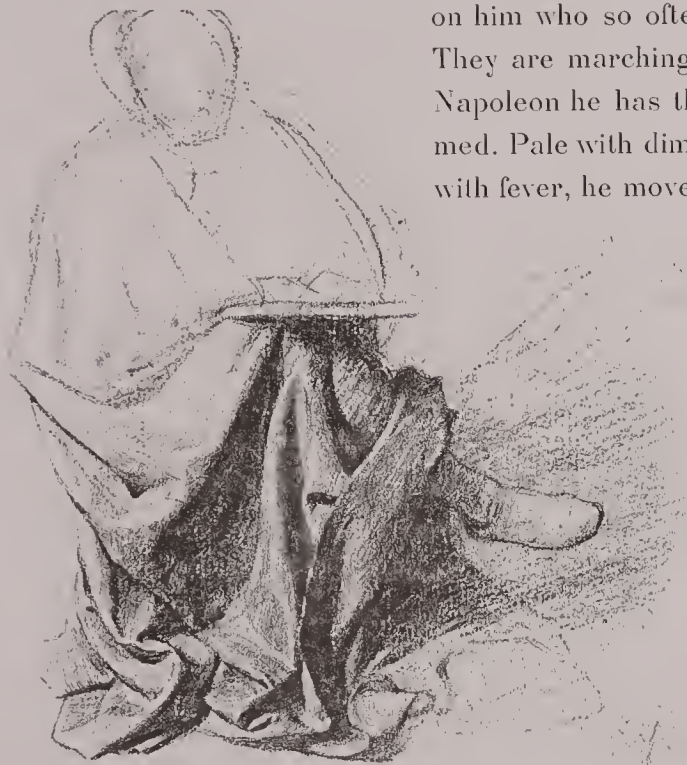
on the walls are pictures representing, the first the "Martyr de Saint Laurent;" the second "Le Meunier, son fils et l'âne," a severe epigram of the painter, against officious advisers.

A military painter in a century that comprised Géricault, Gros, Gérard, Bellangé, Charlet and Raffet (I will only mention those that are dead), Meissonier has been able to be pathetic in his manner. He has not painted the war scenes with the tragic emotion of those who were witnesses of the victories and defeats of the first Empire, but he has interpreted them more coldly as if he already was a part of the posterity, who alone can judge without prejudice the events that disturbed the first fifteen years of the nineteenth century. Thanks to the documents we have received, and thanks to the historians who have studied the reign of Napoleon Ist nothing connected with this César can be hid from us at present. His greatness and his weaknesses are known, those of the beginning as well as those of the apogee and the catastrophe that followed. Mr. Meissonier was particularly struck by the three dates that were so significant in the annals of the Empire : 1805, 1807, 1814.

1805, is the epopee springing up and marching towards triumphal destinies; 1807 is the epopee in the height of frenzy and inclining fatally towards a descent that will be vertiginous; 1814, is the fulminating catastrophe that precipitated the sovereign, until yesterday redoubted by Europe entire, but from then to be pursued, overtaken and vanquished; an epopee without a second, that not having had a Shakspeare to



explain it, has been sung by a Hugo. We give on the first page of this analysis of the painter, a reproduction of the picture "1814". We have desired to call attention to this episode that other painters have treated but in which Mr. Meissonier has surpassed himself. "1814" was executed in 1863 and figured in the Salon of 1864. — In a hollow, broken up road, furrowed with ruts and soaked with half melted snow, Napoleon advances at a foot pace on his white horse, followed by his staff. The generals are dejected and depressed, and dare not break the silence that has fallen



on him who so often has led them to success. They are marching under a dismal sky. As to Napoleon he has the air of a Titan overwhelmed. Pale with dim eyes, the mouth contorted with fever, he moves as one in a dream letting

the hand that holds his riding whip hang down, the legendary grey coat is wrapped around his febrile shaken body but seems too large; under the crush that weighs him down he seems almost lessened in size.

His marshals follow him tired out, and humiliated in despair. Ney

however show a good

front, but Berthier appears stupified, the others drag along their fatigue and shame. One of them is sleeping in his saddle rocked by the cadence of his animal's step. In the distance a column fights in full retreat and is lost to view in the foggy horizon. Routed on every side, the route is strewn with bloody vestiges, the halting places are lugubriously marked by corpses. But the spectators eyes leaves the mass to return to that figure of Napoleon, with the convulsed mask, where all kinds of grief have placed their stigma, to that colossus that a child's hand could overthrow, to the god of yesterday, crumbling to dust under the breath of destiny.

At the universal Exhibition of 1867, Mr. Meissonier had four pictures

genre, battle pictures and portraits. The united juries conferred on him one of the eight grand medals of honor. Besides his portrait and that of Mr. Delahante, fine as the Bertin of Ingres, — for Mr. Delahante is the happy possessor of “1814”, — we admired “Les Renseignements,” “L’Ordonnance”, of which Mongin has made a superb etching, some “Cavaliers se faisant servir à boire”, “Le Maréchal ferrant”, “L’Empereur à Solferino”, “1814”, etc.

“Les Renseignements” proves if we had not known it long before that Meissonier interprets nature with the same power that he shows when representing humanity. Certain landscapes are magical; like the “Route d’Antibes”, others are sinister and lugubrious, harmonising with the scenes that they enclose or the catastrophes they enfold.

“Solferino” (in the Luxembourg museum) represents Napoléon III and his staff on a hillock, at the base of which we perceive artillery men with their guns. “The genius of the infinitely small has never been carried farther.” Charles Blanc has written, and effectively, in



this canvas as well as in those that have preceded it and those that follow Mr. Meissonier, has known how to render miniature heads and that without minutiae. “The depressions and the reliefs of form, the imperceptible differences in the planes of the cheek, nose, brow, of the mouth; the wrinkles in the skin, the warts, the brown or grayish, blond or red hair of each personage; he has expressed, without littleness, the most delicate shades in each horses coat; he has made us feel the presence of bones, tendons and veins; he has been able to strike the luminous point in the eye as well as the high light on the shining stirrup; he has touched with an unheard of exactness the buckles of the chargers

bridle, the braiding on the uniform and the trimmings on the soldier's cap.

My space is limited, so I must pass over in silence a quantity of superior works devoted to isolated individuals, or to groups; pages full of the brilliant, blinding brightness of the sun of southern France; country bits penetrated with the sweet odors of the fields and the strengthening fragrance of the woods; portraits struck off as clear as medals, with the date of the time in which they were produced, anecdotes and pages full of the history we have lived, such as the "Barricade" and the "Tuileries"; the former reddened by the blood of riot, the latter corroded by the fire of vandals.

Thus as may be perceived in reading the preceding pages, the career of Mr. Meissonier has been pursued with courage, perseverance and superb force of will, and that during fifty years he has never been willing to sacrifice the dignity or nobility of his art.

EUGÈNE MONTROSIER.





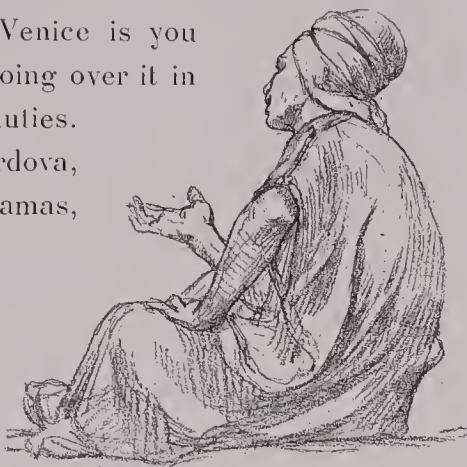
GUSTAVE BOULANGER



On leaving Greece, I proceeded to Rome. This was early in the year 1854. I had met with Beulé, About, Guérin, Fustel de Coulanges at the School in Athens; and I found Baudry, Benouville, Charles Garnier, Bouguereau, Thomas and Gustave Boulanger at the villa Medici. It was reserved to the future to decide what that generation of writers, archæologists, painters, sculptors and architects would add to literature, art and historical science. At that time they were without solicitude for what later maturity might produce, the present was devoted to work : which is the joy and power of youth.

According to my travelling scheme, I had but a few days to stay in the eternal city; but man proposes and Rome disposes. Naples can be seen in twenty-four hours, a day is sufficient to gain an impression of

Constantinople, as it stretches along the banks of the Bosphorus with its wooden houses hidden by the cypress trees of the surrounding gardens. As beautiful as Venice is you can, between sunrise and sunset by going over it in a gondola, master all its exterior beauties. Thus can be visited Genoa, Smyrna, Cordova, Toledo or Palermo, marvellous panoramas, dazzling with brightness and effect that are spread before you. But Rome cannot be seen thus, in passing by. She does not attract at first sight; for she is neither gay nor smiling. Like serious minds, and severe souls she



must be known to be understood. A traveller asked Seroux d'Agincourt how long a time was necessary to become acquainted with Rome? "A lifetime" d'Agincourt answered. He was right. Rome with its monuments of the sixth century before our era, with its Forum, its Temples of the republic, the baths, circus and theatres, with its palaces of Emperors, its Catacombs, the earliest refuge of the rising church, its basilics that were the first christian churches; with its houses of the thirteenth century, its cathedrals and palaces of the sixteenth; the Rome of Tarquinus, of Augustus, of Constantine, of Innocent III and of Julius II, Rome that is still full of monuments of the ancient times, of the middle ages and of the modern period, Rome is not so much a city as a science.

Notwithstanding my desire to return to France after nearly a year's absence, I remained there; the more readily that I had found at the French Academy a family of comrades and our intercourse from the commencement aroused

sympathies that promised future friendships. And I was not mistaken. More than thirty years have passed since then. How many things time has touched in my mind and heart without reaching these friendships of my youth! I appeal to you Baudry and Garnier, I appeal to you my dear Boulanger!

I can still see Boulanger in his atelier at the villa Medici. He was then finishing the picture that had for its title "El ego in Arcadia". The Arcadia in the painter's thought differed somewhat from the poet's text, it is the country of youthful delight, where a pair of lovers are dancing, eyes gazing into eyes, lips pressed upon lips, in strong light, in the full sunlight of life, while an old man seated in the shadow, in an angle of a tomb sadly contemplates these vanished dreams of love and happiness; it was this picture that he sent to France as the work of his fourth year as a prize pupil in Rome. For Gustave Boulanger received the grand prize in 1849. Up to that period life had been severe if not cruel to him.

At the present time when fortune has made peace with artists to such an extent, that sometimes the liberal payments seem to include the arrears due to their predecessors in glory and talent. As if she could by so doing recognize and repair the slights of the past. How some good people must be scandalized by such a change in matters here below! Let them be consoled, for when success does come, if talent brings its reward, there has always been the trials, disappointments, privations and miseries of the beginning. Boulanger has known these hours and days of sadness and misfortune.



His family, of creole origin, saw their fortune, a fine fortune, entirely compromised by the painter's grand-father who had a genius for ruinous inventions. This was a disaster. But a greater misfortune followed! Boulanger when fourteen years old was orphaned. A relative extended his generous protection to this unfortunate child, and the orphan found in the

tenderness and devotion of an uncle the protection and strength of paternal devotion. Mr. Desbrosses, who was employed in liquidating the indemnities of the Saint-Domingo colonists, had married the elder sister of M^{me} Boulanger. He consoled the child, called him his son and promised to

replace those that were no more. These spontaneous adoptions never go astray. The heart in its fulness seems to foresee the good it is to accomplish and that the future will render in return by recognition of benefits. The compact was tacitly signed between the protector and protégé, or it would be better to say between the father



and son; and has since been religiously carried out.

Mr. Desbrosses observed in Boulanger great aptness for drawing: he took him to the atelier of Jollivet, a painter that has left no mark in contemporary art and that doubted of others from having too much doubted himself. The brave man was too conscientious to advise pupils to undertake a career in which he himself had made so slight a success.

He attempted to prove to Mr. Desbrosses that his nephew would have to practice his profession for fifteen years before it would bring him in a

centime ; and that this result could only be attained by great sacrifices. The uncle was obstinate and so Jollivet received into his atelier a pupil who was obliged to leave it after a short time. Mr. Desbrosses had interests in Africa ; he sent Boulanger to oversee them. His mission was to occupy two months, but it extended to eight, to such a degree did this wonderful country tempt the young painter to make studies and excite him to work. If we turn back in thought to those times , already far removed from us, when the Orient appeared in art as a mirage where Decaen, Delacroix and Marilhat sought a renewal of poesy, sentiment and effect. Today it is comparatively familiar, then it was the unknown. To this Africa, that was then less sought for, perhaps because it was nearer to us, Boulanger, in the prolific years of his early youth, owed the strong impressions, ardent souvenirs and profound emotions that forms an artist.



A large portion of this master's work was created there. The portfolios of the young painter were full, his studies were ready : these were the reserves for the future. The documents were numerous but richer and more fruitful was the fund of impressions received, for the soul of an artist is a perpetual vibration.

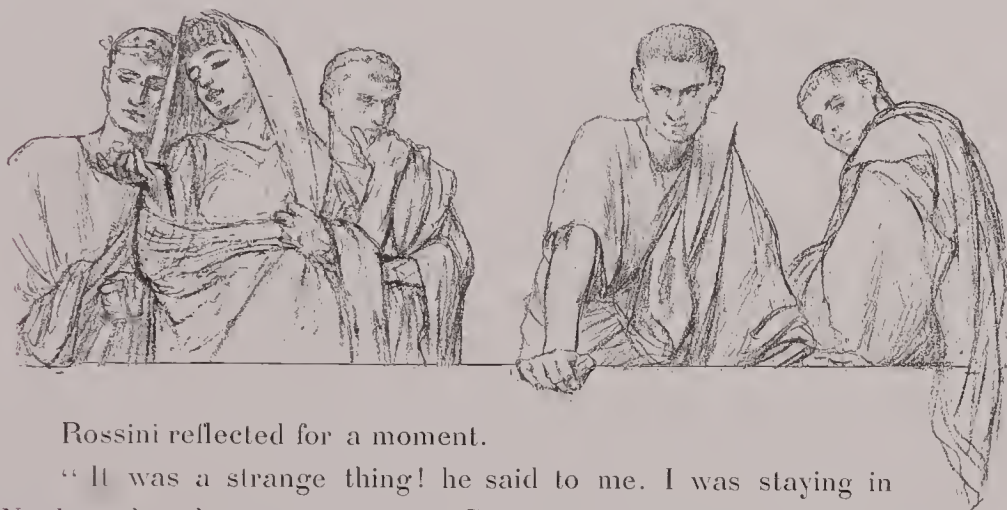
I once learned of a man the secret of what is genius. This celebrity was named Rossini. I conversed with him, it was at Florence, and I shall never forget it. He was talking to me of music and of the inferiority of position that

she was obliged to endure among the other arts, in being subjected to a fashion, to an interpretation, to have only an influence as a passing force, in a word, to have in art but a life interest.

"What will live of mine, said the master, of the many works that have been applauded? *Guillaume Tell* and the *Barbier*, and what else? — *Moïse*! I suggested to him. — No. — *Comte Ory*? — Even less. — *Otello*? — Less still. — In any case, I replied, somewhat discouraged and wounded in my admiration, I will answer for the third act of *Otello*. — The third act! Perhaps", said Rossini with a smile.



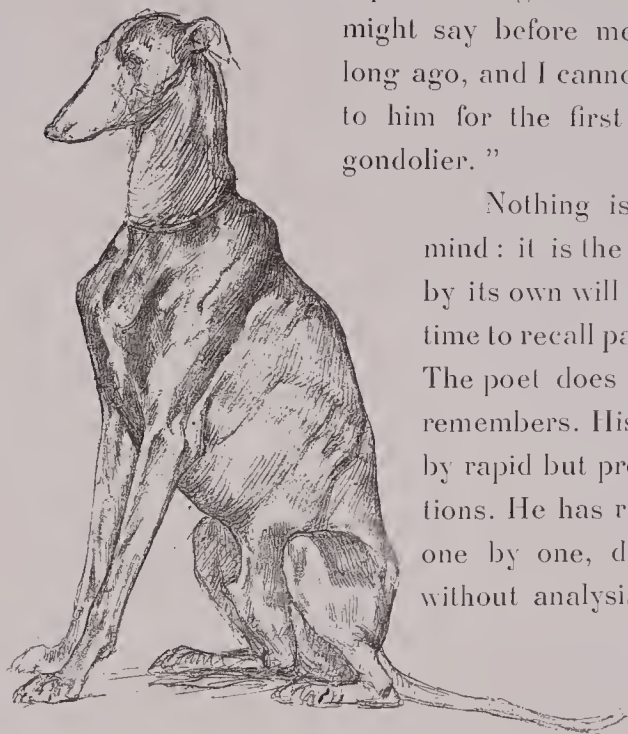
After this conversation, I asked, master how did that song of the gondolier, that admirable lament, that is a tear and sob, come to you, to you the author of the *Barbier*, the brilliant genius of gaiety.



Rossini reflected for a moment.

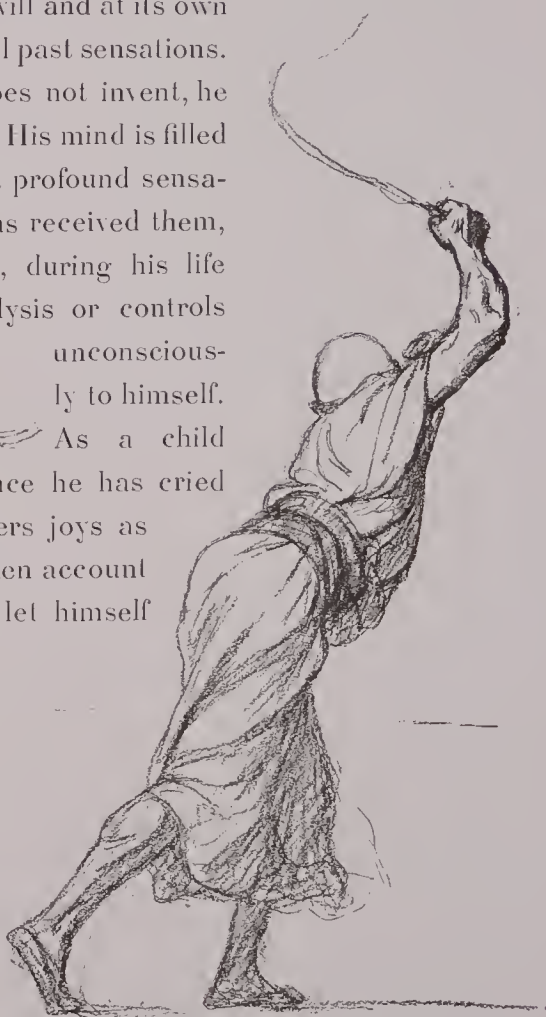
"It was a strange thing! he said to me. I was staying in Naples when I was quite young. Some young friends and myself were one evening in a boat near the Sorrento coast: we were laughing and shouting and making a great noise. There passed near us a boat rowed by a man alone who was singing. What? I do not remember for I did not pay any attention to him as he floated softly by, passed us and disappeared from view. Some years after they brought me the libretto of

Otello. At the time I was writing the third scene with the romance of the willow, that boatman came back to me in memory. I saw him not in his rapid and fugitive movement; but he paused as you might say before me; he recommenced his song of long ago, and I cannot say but that I may be indebted to him for the first measures of the song of the gondolier."



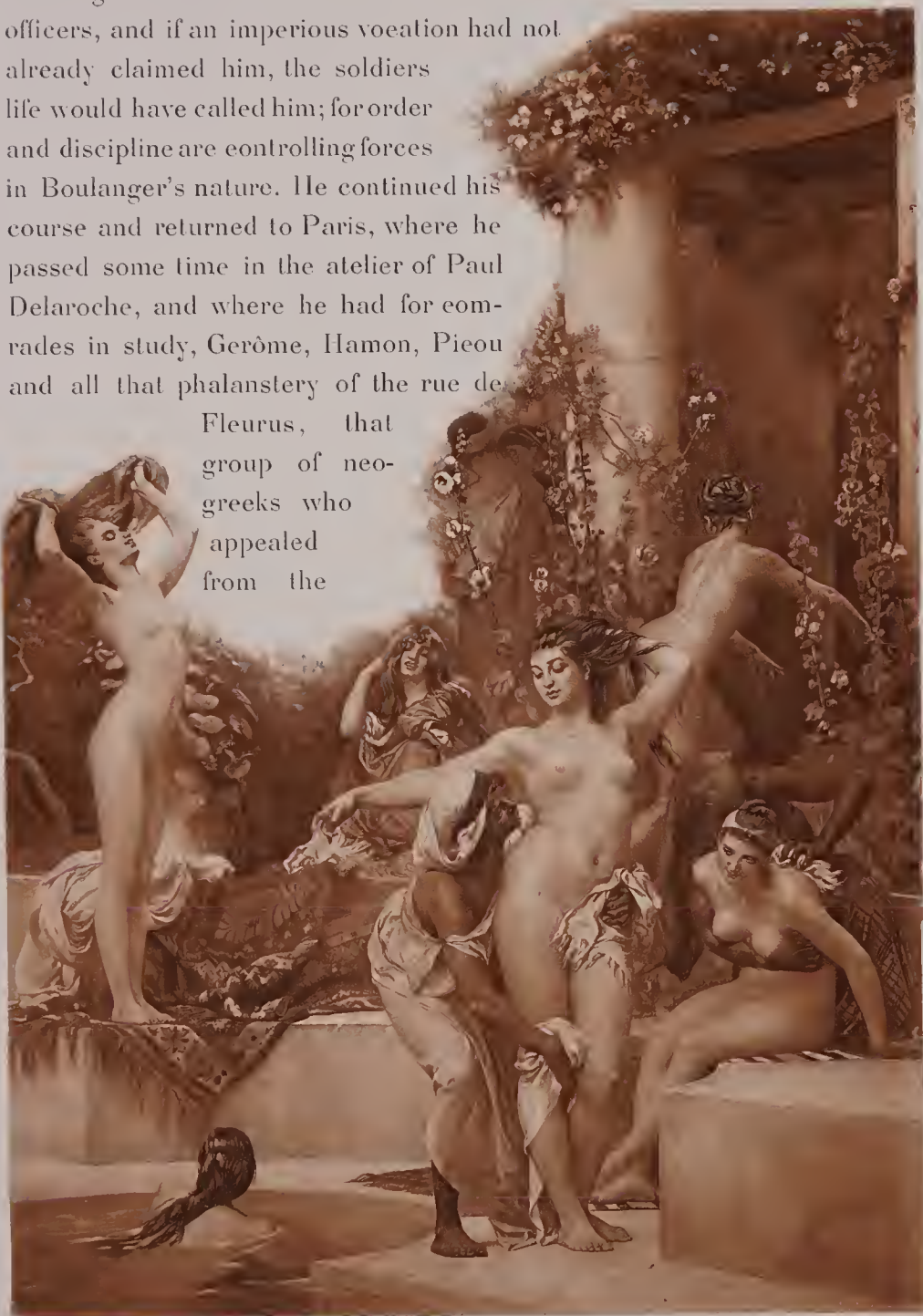
Nothing is lost to the artistic or poetic mind: it is the first faculty of genius to be able by its own will and at its own time to recall past sensations. The poet does not invent, he remembers. His mind is filled by rapid but profound sensations. He has received them, one by one, during his life without analysis or controls unconsciously to himself.

As a child when others have cried in his presence he has cried also; later his heart has beat to others joys as well as to his own; he has neither taken account of his tears nor his pleasures. He has let himself live, or it would be juster to say he has let his mind work without the control of his will; storing up emotions; thus one by one the poet's riches have accumulated, his fortune prepared for the expenditure of the future, and when the time comes he can draw from this fertile and inexhaustible source. He believes he creates, he remembers or rather his past sensations relive, thus eternalizing his youth and genius. Wonderful gift, the greatest gift to an artist for whom nothing is indifferent and in whom nothing dies!



We will return to Gustave Boulanger. This voyage in Algiers, this first campaign of the painter decided his future. In this portion of France in arms, Boulanger became intimate with some of our officers, and if an imperious vocation had not already claimed him, the soldiers' life would have called him; for order and discipline are controlling forces in Boulanger's nature. He continued his course and returned to Paris, where he passed some time in the atelier of Paul Delaroche, and where he had for comrades in study, Gerôme, Hamon, Pieou and all that phalanstery of the rue de

Fleury, that group of neo-greeks who appealed from the







imposing and solemn Greece; to a simple, charming but more familiar Greece. Apart from her majestic poets, Greece had also her *Poetae minores*, that held a place in her literature, and in her anthology was to be found both epopee and tragedy. *Paulo minora canamus*; surely one of the least elevated is not on that account less attractive and true. This school had the novelty of it, in its favor. And strange coincidence! antiquity itself has justified these renovators of greek art. For during the last fifteen years figures in terre cuite have been found in the excavations in Greece and Asia Minor. Tanagra alone could fill our museums and private collections. They represent greek life in the agora, in the street and in the houses. The children are going to school with their lyre under their arm, or with tablets in their hands, and in the farm yards they call the cocks to fight; maidens occupied with the care of their toilets or out walking with their mantles folded on their heads to form a veil like the turkish "Yasmak," or with the flat hat with a point rising over it; the head-dresses, are of infinite variety with the hair braided, curled or raised in a knot on the front and colored red. Then the youthful elegants, the lesser people, the soldiers, and even the spectators of the Punch and Judy shows. Those who still remain of the



phalanstery of the rue de Fleurus must be very triumphant over these discoveries. Boulanger followed his friends but at a distance, he also was greek, but after the style of Theocritus: he borrowed from the sicilian poet the mythological scene of Acis and Galatée, this was one of the first pictures he exhibited, in the year 1849 and that same year he left for Rome.

The number of Gustave Boulanger works is considerable. This master, who is submissive and faithful to nature, has interpreted Africa with most truthful exactness. He has represented her in her real character and with

her personal physiognomy. Others have seen her grander and more poetic. Boulanger has made her living in the proportions of daily life, exact according to the scale of reality. Here is the family of Kady in the patio or



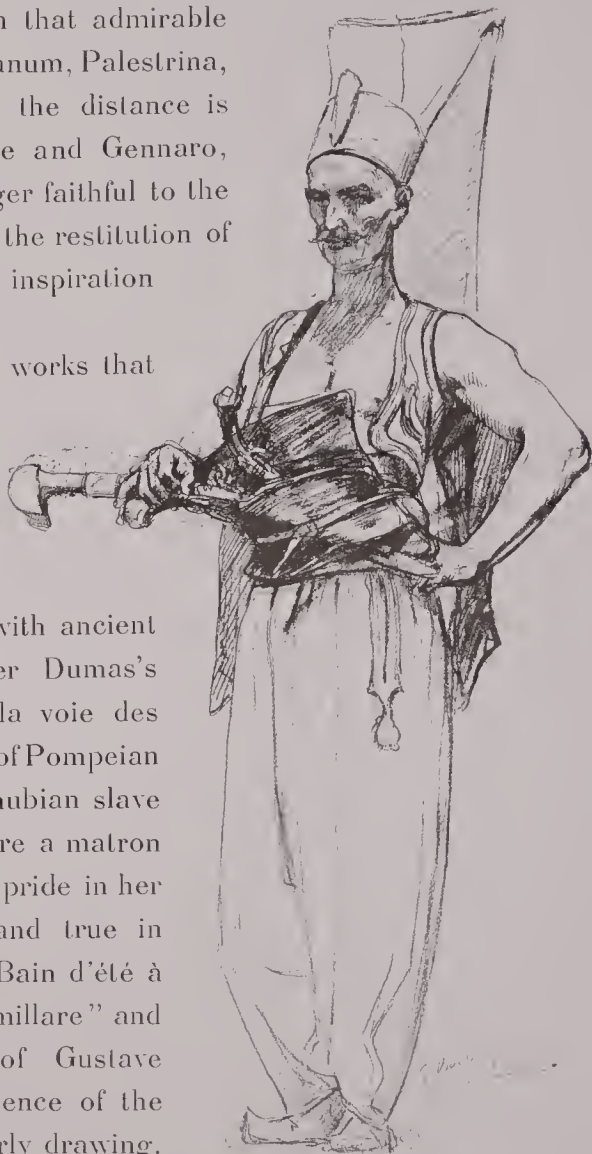
courtyard, where arcades in ogive are supported on small columns that the vines have encircled with wreaths, where the palm trees spread their large leaves, mats are hung about, and daylight filters discreetly through the moucharabiehs. The Aïd-Srir, the festival of the children armed with broadswords, whom the Arab enveloped in his burnous proudly surveys in their military accoutrements. It is El Hiasseub, relating, like Harriri, stories under his tent, the khelma or house of skins. The marabout, the djeid, the armed nobleman on horseback passing near the shepherd shrouded in his cloak and leaning on a kezoula. Les Choassa, or scouts lying flat on a hillock and searching the horizon. The shepherds of Kabylie, night having come, listening to the song of the djouak or primitive flute. Here is the landscape of the "Gué", the "Rendez-vous", and the "Fuite". The algerian water carrier, the jew Hamal or a scene in the Aurès, a woman passing with a heavy burden on her head, her eyes lengthened by kohhel, the half opened mouth like a pomegranate, while a horseman, his hand resting on the back of the horse behind the saddle, turns round to look at her : it is a chef-d'œuvre. Omitting many others but it would be unjust to forget the "Femme des Ouleds Nahil" with her plaits of hair, her fan and jewels.

This phalanx of the rue de Fleurus to which Boulanger belonged, this group of fine delicate and ingenious minded young painters commenced a research in grounds unknown to art : they had dreamed of reconstructing the familiar daily life of Greece. We must admit that some among them mistook the avenues of the Luxembourg garden for the garden of Aca-

demus. There was a good deal of Paris in this Athens seen from a distance both as to time and space; but if the end was not reached they aimed well and they only needed to rectify the firing. Others came better informed or more fortunate. When at the villa Médici, in the midst of ancient Rome, near the Forum, the Appian way, in that admirable roman campagna that encloses Tusculanum, Palestrina, Æsula, Cenina, Tibur, and where in the distance is seen the mountain chains of Ausonie and Gennaro, and where Soracte spring up, Boulanger faithful to the programme of his school, attempted the restitution of roman society. Rome furnished the inspiration and Pompeii the documents.

From this emanated many of the works that we have seen in exhibitions and that form the personality of Gustave Boulanger in contemporary art. Let us recall la “*Via Appia*,” under the reign of Augustus; la “*Boutique du barbier Licinius*” on the Forum, overflowing with ancient life like the prologue of Alexander Dumas’s “*Caligula*,” “*La Promenade sur la voie des Tombeaux*,” where a charming couple of Pompeian women under an umbella held by a nubian slave are to be seen; “*La Gynécée*,” where a matron seated on a chair is filled with joy and pride in her children. A composition exquisite and true in taste. “*La Cella Frigidaria*”; “*le Bain d’été à Pompéi*”; “*le Tepidarium*”; “*le Mamillare*” and many other subjects the talent of Gustave Boulanger has triumphed by his science of the nude and the superiority of his masterly drawing.

Aiming less high and entering more closely into familiar intimate art, the other compositions are not less remarkable. I recall “*Horace and Lydie*,” that translation of “*Donec gratus eram*”; “*La Répétition des Comédiens romains*”; “*La Marchande de Bijoux*,” a young woman standing with her hair raised; “*La Marchande de Couronnes*” tempting young maidens



by showing her flowers; "La Marchande de Statuettes", one of the personages in which, seems to question the young merchant by a glance.

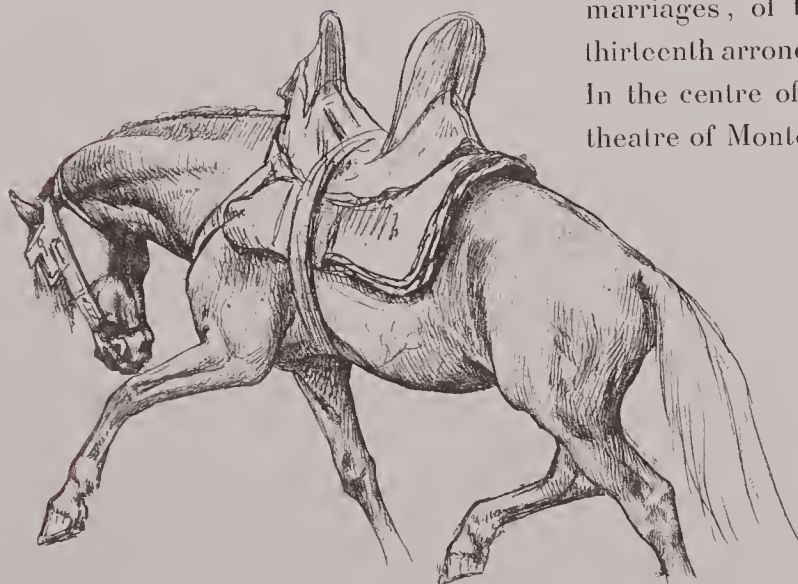
But grander horizons are opened before him; in his "César au Rubicon" and the "César" marching across the snows of Gaul at the head of his tenth legion; with the appearance of the "Apparition de saint Sébastien à Maximien-Hercule", the work has become more powerful, the painter of anecdotes makes way for the historical painter, whom we shall find later on, as a decorative painter in the ceiling of the Monte-Carlo théâtre at



Monaco, and in the paintings in the foyer de danse of the Opéra house; and the paintings of the salle des mariages, the salon reserved for civil

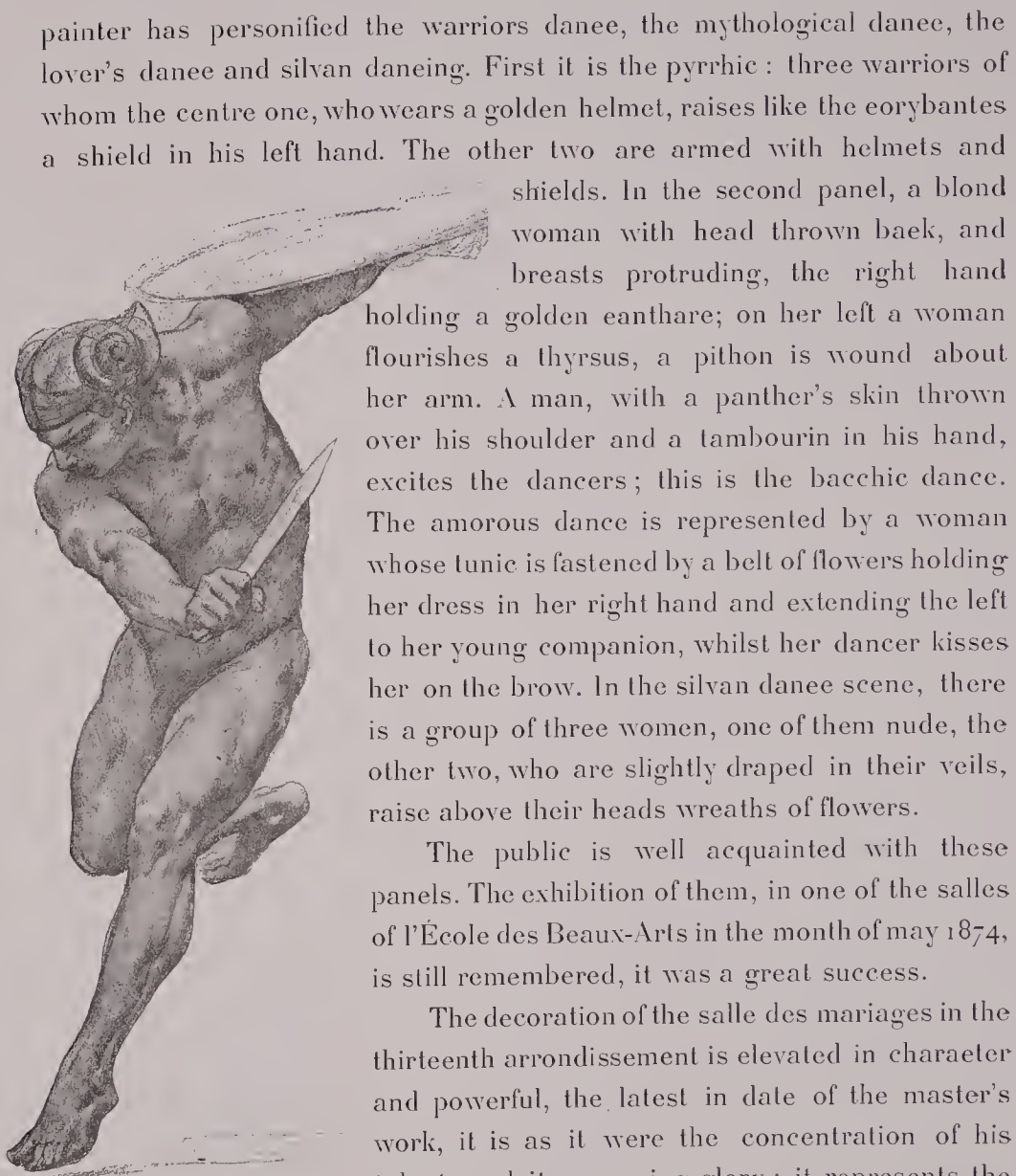
marriages, of the Mairie of the thirteenth arrondissement in Paris.

In the centre of the ceiling of the theatre of Monte-Carlo, the genius



of Music beats the time with a ciste; on the right celestial Music is represented by young women bearing harps and mandolines; to the left is dramatic music. A composition re-

markably fine as a whole and admirable in perspective. In the work of ornamenting the new Opéra house, Baudry had charge of the public foyer, Lenepveu the ceiling of the salle, Boulanger of the foyer of dance. The



painter has personified the warriors dance, the mythological dance, the lover's dance and silvan dancing. First it is the pyrrhic : three warriors of whom the centre one, who wears a golden helmet, raises like the eorybantes a shield in his left hand. The other two are armed with helmets and

shields. In the second panel, a blond woman with head thrown back, and breasts protruding, the right hand holding a golden earthenware; on her left a woman flourishes a thyrsus, a python is wound about her arm. A man, with a panther's skin thrown over his shoulder and a tambourin in his hand, excites the dancers ; this is the bacchic dance. The amorous dance is represented by a woman whose tunic is fastened by a belt of flowers holding her dress in her right hand and extending the left to her young companion, whilst her dancer kisses her on the brow. In the silvan dance scene, there is a group of three women, one of them nude, the other two, who are slightly draped in their veils, raise above their heads wreaths of flowers.

The public is well acquainted with these panels. The exhibition of them, in one of the salles of l'École des Beaux-Arts in the month of May 1874, is still remembered, it was a great success.

The decoration of the salle des mariages in the thirteenth arrondissement is elevated in character and powerful, the latest in date of the master's work, it is as it were the concentration of his talent, and its crowning glory : it represents the roman betrothal, which is the origin of our civil marriage ; in all its nobleness and holiness. All the virtues and forces of man surround it : Labor, the Family, Study, the Fatherland, the Law ; the union of the man and woman is the centre of all. In the middle of the triptyque, the husband is seated, holding the hand of his spouse ; a woman is scattering flowers at their feet while another woman holds the corbeille and distaff, the emblems of the spouse's sacred duty. Then a group of women with lyres and flowers. At

the side the witnesses of the marriage and those who signed the contract, that is to say the figures of the painter's friends : Guillaume, Augier, Hébert, Cabanel, Gérôme, Dumas, Garnier and the author himself behind a column. In another compartment, the Family ; the mother, surrounded by her sisters and friends, leans back in her chair while the father lifts the first-born to his lips. After this comes Study, with children working under the master's eye. Then Labor is represented by a forge and workman ; next is the Fatherland : the mother bidding adieu to the father and son as they leave home to defend the soil, the trumpet's call to the rescue of the country. *Munus, Patria*, the entire life of man.

By his words he is continuing the instruction, commenced by his works. Under the title : *A nos Élèves*, in a few pages the master has stated his doctrine. For Gustave Boulanger, membre de l'Institut, is at present professor of l'École nationale des Beaux-Arts.

HENRI LAVOIX.





PUVIS DE CHAVANNES



Puvis de Chavannes is one of the most interesting painters of contemporary art.

From whom does he derive his art, or from whence does it spring? Who were his first masters, the initiators who indicated to him the Ideal as the supreme goal? Some biographers have pronounced the names of Ary Scheffer and Couture. Without doubt, these two painters, who had their hour of celebrity, had taught their pupil the practical side of art, shown him their preferences that were confined to the rather narrow circle in which they turned, protected him from certain errors, withdrawn him from sights that in their estimation were condemnable; we believe that their influence was confined to general principles but had no hold on the incipient volition of the new-beginner, who fostered other projects than

those that had been suggested to him, and who longed to attain heights until then deemed inaccessible. Ary Scheffer and Couture sought inspiration from legends, romances and history; Mr. Puvis de Chavannes found inspiration in his own thoughts, and we have seen the superb figures that came fully armed from his brain.

For those who enjoy tracing back the career of a man, as one remounts the course of a river, so as to be able to admire the salutary effects that it has spread in its course, there are happy statements to be noted and comforting examples to be related. Whilst some are but pale reflections or feeble echoes that strive to please the crowd by flattering its tastes, others, on the contrary attempt a reaction that is often prejudicial to their interests and



réputation, they extricate themselves from grovelling, and rising slowly at first, finish by attaining great heights. Their aim is to syn-

thetize devotions, virtues and heroisms; to always belong to humanity by keeping near to nature.



Mr. Puvis de Chavannes has painted a number of canvases of small dimensions such as the "Décollation de saint Jean-Baptiste", "l'Espérance", "Madeleine au désert", "Jeunes filles au bord de la mer", "Pauvre Pêcheur". When I say "of small dimensions" I mean in comparison to the more important of his pages which average ten yards in length by three yards in height. It is principally in these last that his genius develops at ease. Canvases that equal the largeness of his dreams are necessary to the epic side of his conception, on which he can represent in elysian landscapes his never to be forgotten figures.

It is to Amiens, Marseille, Poitiers, Lyon and to the Panthéon at Paris; that we must go to see these creations of this virgilian poet, who sometimes strings his lyre with Tyrtæus's strings. But let us proceed in order and

recall summarily the themes that the artist has invented, at an epoch when everything is but a perpetual recommencing.

The work executed for the museum of Amiens is the most important that Mr. Puvis de Chavannes has produced. It is composed of six compositions of large proportions accompanied with ornaments and figure heads between the arches and over the doors, etc. Three of the compositions are on the principal staircase. These are "Picardie", "Repos" and "Travail". Two others representing "Paix" and "Guerre" decorate the transversal gallery on the first story. Finally, "*Ludus pro Patria*" (young Picards prac-



tising with the lance) that obtained for the painter the *médaille d'honneur*, will complete this wonderful ensemble. — That is if the architect of the Amiens museum kindly consents.

These six pieces are homogeneous and varied. They tell of the beautiful spectacle of joyous nature and the laboring peasant who blesses the sun as it rises above the horizon. They narrate their hard labor: of the furrow that they dig, the seed they sow, the grain they cut; they make us hear the woodman's axe as it falls on the creaking tree, and the blow of the hammer as it falls on the twisted iron.

And after the labor: it is the dearly earned repose, but which is enjoyed with all the more pleasure in the midst of such repose, the husband and wife

clasp hands while their children play at their feet, and near them the grandparents contemplate with eyes dimmed by age this aurora that they also have known!

Then it is Peace, ineluctable felicity in a perfumed landscape where a breath of Arcadia passes.

But here is War! All the happiness,



courage and sacrifices, all the riches we have just noted have disappeared. There where calm reigned, in labor, and where we saw the family; a tainted breath has passed, the furrow is filled with torrents of blood, the hearthstone is cold, houses destroyed, harvests burning and the family is either dead or commencing a sorrowful exodus on the way to exile. Barbarians are camped where peace reigned; three of these mounted on heavy horses jet defiance at the heavens by sounding harsh blasts on their trumpets.



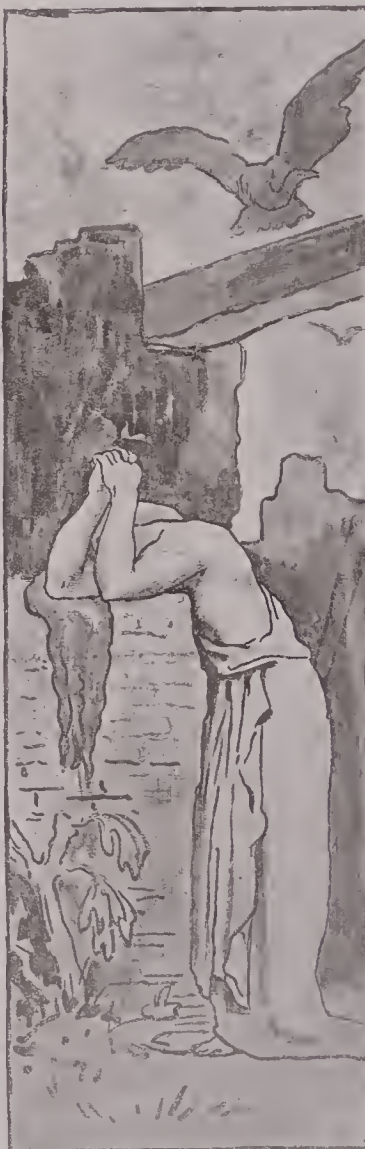
But those who died had sons and we find them in "Ludus pro Patria". They are

mature for their years and have substituted in place of youthful sports manly exercises. All are forming themselves to the handling of arms

under the eyes of their mothers and young maidens. Around them all is in active movement. Labor has recovered its rights and liberty its noble ambitions. It is the awakening of a people, desirous of peace but exercising for war.

It is evident that the cycle embraced by Mr. Puvis de Chavannes is large and profound.

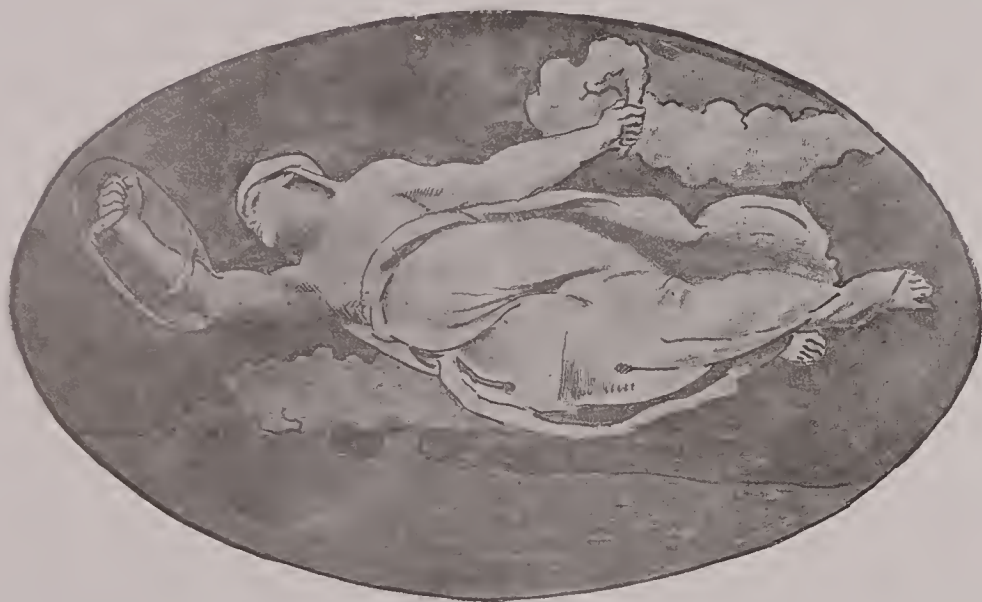
It is at once a poet and philosopher, who has traced these grand lines, that has circumscribed the different portions, that has placed here tenderness, there violence, that has sung and mourned; who has conceived this superb crowning of the devotion of all for the adored mother: the Native-land!



The subject is quite different in the grand staircase of the city hall at Marseille, for Mr. Puvis de Chavannes invents without ever repeating. He has opposed to "Marseille, colonie greeque; Marseille, porte de l'Orient". In the first composition workmen are cutting stone, building houses, gathering olives and transporting bales. In the foreground some young girls are examining stuffs, spinning wool, etc.—

In the second composition, the sea. A ship, with swarthy complexioned sailors, loaded with merchandise is proceeding towards the port of Marseille, and we see the silhouette of the city in the distance.

The different paintings that we have passed in review, are all conceived in the same manner, and executed by the same processes, they somewhat resembles fresco painting but with a more penetrating accent. We know how concise Mr. Puvis de Chavannes is in his manifestations for he has the eloquence of taciturn people whose every word has its value. If he imagines a landscape he indicates soberly its lines; but



they are exact with a precision that is almost mathematic. They are lightened by slight undulations; a river murmurs between two banks; a vast sky is reflected in the water; here and there a few thatched roofed cottages. In such valleys beautiful silhouettes with rhythmical movements appear, like the attitudes of allegorical figures, with draperies arranged in the manner of Tanagra. The coloration of these colossal canvases is delicate in sentiment and form an exquisite palette, refined and true in thought. We can enter there with our eyes, mind and soul. And like all bright visions that seem to have escaped from fairyland they are full of air and seem enveloped in atmosphere! We see them continually and are haunted by them.



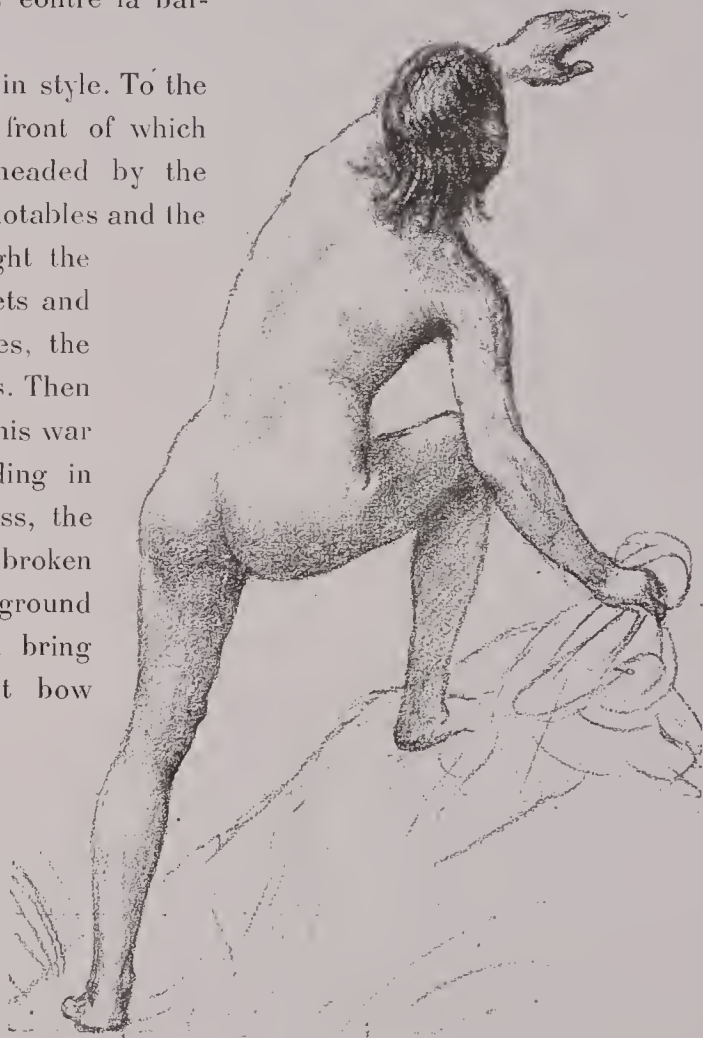
The city of Poitiers possesses like Amiens and Marseille two mas-

terly pages by Mr. Puvis de Chavannes. Their exact titles are : “ La Réception triomphale par le clergé et les habitants de Poitiers de Charles Martel, vainqueur des Sarrasins, aux portes de la ville”, and “ Sainte Radegonde retirée au couvent de Sainte-Croix donne asile aux poètes et protège les lettres contre la barbarie du temps ”.

The first subject is lofty in style. To the left the gates of the city in front of which press forward the clergy headed by the bishop, and behind them the notables and the people cheering. To the right the army of knights wearing helmets and holding in their hands lances, the wind agitating their pennons. Then in front of them, alone upon his war palfrey, Charles Martel holding in the air, in sign of friendliness, the battleaxe with which he has broken so many skulls. In the foreground a group of the townswomen bring food for the prisoners that bow before the conquerers.

The second subject for the decoration of the city hall of Poitiers is just the opposite. Here all is calm and revery. In the hall of the convent sainte Radegonde is seated. Around her poets and learned

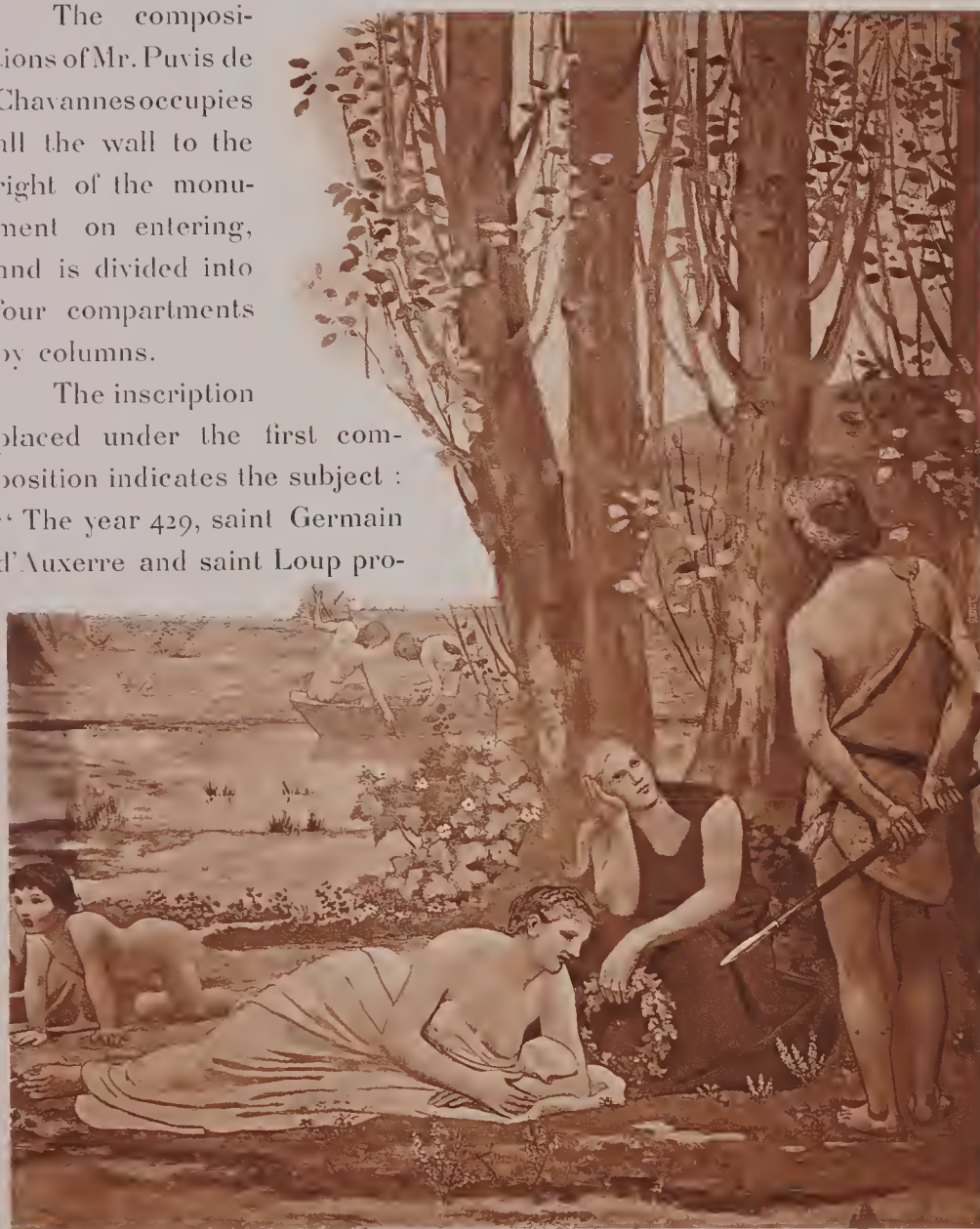
men press. Before her a trouvère scans some fine inspired strophe. A laurel tree raises its branches towards the sky, and the soft murmur of a fountain mingles with the sweet song of the trouvère. It is delicate and charming in style. Before continuing my study I will point out the piquant particulars that the picture of sainte Radegonde presents; it is that among the poets the intimate friend of the painter figures, Théophile Gautier, and the painter himself, both good likenesses.



All those who are interested in fine works in painting have seen at the Salon of Paris, and afterwards in its place at the Pantheon, the trilogy consecrated by Puvis de Chavannes to the glorification of the patroness of Paris. The success obtained by this vast ensemble was considerable and the fame of the artist has sustained the consequences of the enthusiasm that it provoked.

The compositions of Mr. Puvis de Chavannes occupies all the wall to the right of the monument on entering, and is divided into four compartments by columns.

The inscription placed under the first composition indicates the subject :
 " The year 429, saint Germain d'Auxerre and saint Loup pro-







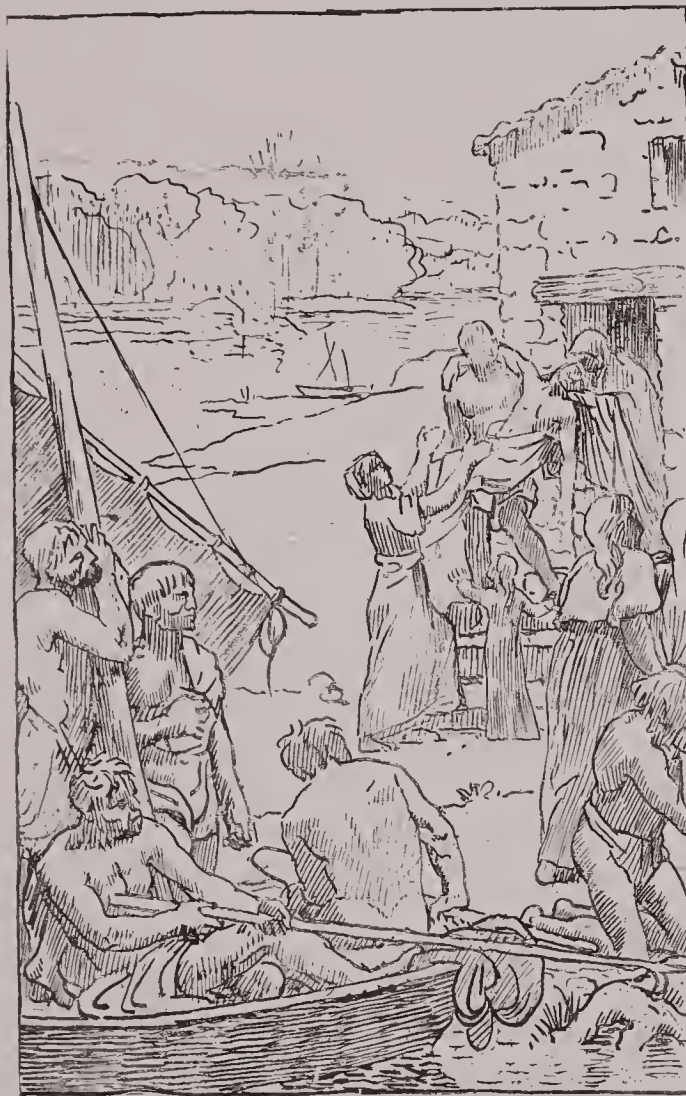
ceeding to England to combat the heresy of the Pelagians, arriving on the outskirts of Nanterre; saint Germain distinguishes, in the crowd that has come to meet them, a child which he believes to be marked with the divine seal. He interrogates her and predicts to her parents the high destiny to which she is called."

This scene which is a picture with complementary scenes cut, as I have stated, by the position of the columns forms however a very distinct whole. And it is the same for the other portions, so that when examined separately an entire episode, that explains itself, is before us; and this is a very valuable quality for the comprehension of the drama that is traced upon the walls.

The central panel shows us saint Germain d'Auxerre and saint Loup passing through Nanterre before embarking for England. The people who have heard of their coming incline before the words of peace that fall from their lips. For to all these unfortunates riveted to the furrow that procures for them their daily bread, living their miserable life, exposed to all sorts of miseries and privations, it was like dew that had come to refresh their emaciated brows. On the wings of faith they ascend, forgetting the heavy labor, towards more clement regions. See the mothers holding up to saint Germain their sons born and raised amidst tears; and the husbands and fathers are cheered by the words that will later develop into flowers of hope. In the groups formed by all



these valiant men, we see our ancestors, Parisians of Paris ! Some types of unparalleled melancholy : the woman to the left near a column with transfigured mask ; that one, raising an little infant ; and the old woman bent to the ground, prostrated for a supreme invocation. In the center



the child who is to be the safeguard of Lutetia, the eyes filled with mystic flames, and the body shaken in a sublime exaltation of renunciation.

In the panel to the left in the foreground is a boat, manned with four sailors, on which the travellers are about to embark to go down the Seine. In the middle distance some men are bringing a sick man to be presented to the bishops that they may heal him.

In the panel to the right phases of rural life are represented. Here women are milking cows ; there some donkeys are about to

leave for the day's work ; the healthy activity of the buzzing and productive human hive. An old man of viril aspect is looking on with interest at what is passing about him ; as a contrast , a charming group of children is seen a little to the right.

The second composition represents sainte Geneviève at prayer. She is kneeling at the foot of a tree before a roughly made cross. A woodcutter and

his wife gaze at the girl with a sort of rapture. In the landscape superbly treated, and which has the august solemnity of a page of Millet's, some sheep are grazing.

The poesy of the painter is shown here more fully than in his other decorations. He has painted nature with a sentiment of rustic and incisive truth which is assuredly the most sincere "naturalism" that we have discovered outside the pictures of the painter of the "Angelus". He has endowed these commonplace beings with thoughts, inspiration, a soul. He has bathed in sunlight denuded heights, and covered with rare grasses the pasture where lean sheep were browsing. In the stormy and lowering sky he has traced streaks of blue to indicate the firmament above that floats like fragments of hope above this vale of tears.



I return to the Pantheon from which this digression diverted me. The episodes already described are completed by a frieze also divided into four compartments and in which the general work is symbolized. I will only point out the living personages that figure there. Thus in the third compartment the two last personages, saint Paul de Narbonne and saint Trupheme are Messrs. Puvis de Chavannes and the marquis de Chennevières, former director

des Beaux-Arts. The latter gives the artist a pastoral wand as if to invest him with his new mission. The pastoral wand figures here emblematically, as a brush. Mr. Delaunay the distinguished painter posed for saint Paternus de Vannes, M. V. Durangel for saint Lucien of Beauvais.

Before mentioning the "Bois Sacré" of the exhibition of 1884, I must not forget "Le doux Pays", a composition made for Bonnat's house, an adorable idyl escaped from the pages of Mistral, fraught with the suave perfumes that the myrtle and orange trees shed on the shores of the implacably blue Mediterranean. Thus we see again the fascinating mirage of this fragrant country with its women, children and flowers, its sky that draws you towards the great unknown and its billows that soothes all griefs. Ah! these painters, poets, musicians, all these workers of the Ideal, how we love them when they drag us away from prosaic forms of life and the debasement of noble sentiments. They have the words of Pauline on their lips; they believe in something superior, divine, and they draw us with them towards infinity.



The museum of Lyon is to be enriched by a set of compositions by Mr. Puvis de Chavannes: "Le Bois sacré cher aux Muses et aux Arts", that had such a success at the last Salon but one, is the commencement of this imposing work. We still remember the emotion the painters felt and the enthusiasm they showed when this superb canvas was carried to the Palais de l'Industrie. They talked of nothing less than of voting in a body the médaille d'honneur for their illustrious confrère. Certainly if it could have been voted for at once he would have received it by acclamation, and the public would have ratified the verdict. But time did its work, cabals agitated and finally he did not receive that year the medal of honor. But in fact it made little difference to Mr. Puvis de Chavannes for his equals and the public were for him, and he had produced a chef-d'œuvre! He could have rested and awaited the judgment of posterity. He preferred to continue to give us pleasure and the right to be proud, for such men are an honor to their country. Let us then encourage him to pursue his task and be prepared to recount his new victories.

"Le Bois sacré aux Muses et aux Arts" is like a primordial and generative composition around which complementary subjects are grouped. The

arts and muses symbolize and bring forth all the compositions that a monument consecrated to art will admit.

"In the center of the picture at the base of a double ionian portico appears the three plastic arts: Architecture seated on the fragment of a column, Sculpture standing at her side, and painting accepting the homage of a child who is scattering flowers on her white robe (in allusion to the particular art in which the lyonnais artists have been illustrious); near them are dispersed the inspiring Muses: Polymnie one arm raised charms and exalts by her eloquence; Clio holding her tablets, prepares to write impartial history. Calliope, is seated and about to sing the glory of heroes, while two genii gather laurel branches and weave them into wreaths. — Upon the left Thalia the muse of comedy stands attentive, and Terpsichore suspends the rhythm of her steps to listen to the divine accord of Erato and Euterpe, the arts of poesy and music, that mysteriously traverse space in their long floating robes. In the second plane Uranie stretched on the bank of a lake contemplates the constellations, which are reflected in the water rendered light by the golden tints of the setting sun. — At one side under a willow Melpomene meditates sombre scenes of tragedy.



"The landscape bathed in silent evening light is limited by high mountains that close the access to this place of predilection, and only shows a narrow band of sky. — On the ground sown with shrubs and flowers rises aloft trees of epic altitudes: the laurel, pine, and oak".

This is as complete a genesis as is possible to give of the work that

Mr. Puvis de Chavannes has undertaken for the museum of Lyon, and of which he was kind enough to indicate to me the principal ideas. In this concentrated analysis the painter's thought is developed with fullness of conception, and remarkable sureness of interpretation.

I proudly confess that my affection for Mr. Puvis de Chavannes equals my admiration; I am pleased to write it here, and am proud of a friendship that elates without blinding me. I know that I form part of a choice company, and that the most celebrated artists of the present time will countersign my opinion.

In this study I have tried to recall to remembrance the principal works of the artist. I have intentionally passed in silence the numerous drawings that he has made, because the visitors to the *Exposition des dessins du siècle* have seen specimens at l'École des Beaux-Arts. These drawings belong in museums and are worthy to be hung beside those of the old masters.

EUGÈNE MONTROSIER.





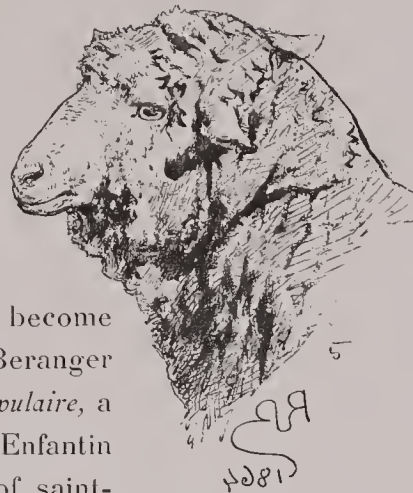
ROSA BONHEUR



Before commencing my study of Rosa Bonheur, I would like to make a brief sketch of the artist's father, for he exercised a happy influence on his daughter's destiny. He was from Bordeaux, in that city he had been a drawing master and he also painted agreeably. Successive deaths in his family, and reverses of fortune affected him and about the year 1829, after the death of his wife, he settled in Paris. We all know the powerful current of ideas that traversed Paris at that epoch; the daring manifestations of opinion that took place, and the societies for considering humanity as a collective being, that sprang into existence. Groups were every where formed, there were various coteries of literary

men and cliques of artists; in their numerous reunions each came to burn incense before the idol that he revered. Contests for the least of motives were commenced in salons, then to be propagated in ateliers and from thence to be diffused in the streets. Sometimes it was in connection with politics, now railing literature or art, and then all would become inflated with projects for benefiting humanity as a mass. Be that as it may they were animated by an admirable passion for ideas and deeds.

After several years sojourn on the brink of this smoking volcano, Raymond Bonheur became the friend of many very prominent militant men some of whom have since become celebrated. He frequented the society of Beranger and took part in the meetings of the *Ruche populaire*, a review published by workmen. He also knew Enfantin intimately and became one of the fervents of saint-simonism. The influence that this strange sect impressed on all sorts of speculations is unquestioned. Of these Pereire, Talabot, Olinde Rodrigues, d'Eichtal, Arlès-Dufour, Félicien David and many others have conquered the world, that is to say; some have found fortune and others glory.



Meanwhile if Raymond Bonheur never experienced either wealth or celebrity at least he had the satisfaction of seeing his children raise themselves beyond their peers. The eldest, Rosa Bonheur assumed, at an early age, the heavy task of filling the place of the absent mother who was removed while still young by a relentless malady; she early showed a decided aptness for the art of painting. Thanks to the wise lessons of her father, who was a much finer artist in theory than he was in practice, she made astonishing progress. She draws with a precision and firmness that many men have envied her.

She loves nature, but it is nature adorned with animals. She looks upon it a little as it was regarded by Cuyp and Potter, subordinating its implae-

able serenity to the grand movement that is produced by a flock of sheep,

a yoke of oxen drawing a plow or cows grazing.

Before Rosa Bonheur came under the influence of the peasant-manner studies of George Sand she sought as eagerly for

picturesque interest as for poetic emotion. An extensive valley with a stream, a few trees planted here and there, some hills on the horizon and a low grey sky, that is the ambient melancholy of certain sites were not

sufficient for her. She had left behind classic models and one animal at least was necessary to make nature appeal to her; in this Rosa Bonheur accepted the traditions extolled by Watelet and Valenciennes without listening to the enthusiastic cries that were being uttered about her, and that were to revolutionize, overthrow and revivify french landscape art.

However, Rosa Bonheur is first of all a painter of animals, and we know not how to reproach her for not having explored the banks of the Bièvre with Flers, Cabat or Jules Dupré. These desired to represent nature such as she is without the ornaments of style. Rosa Bonheur on the contrary placed nature in the second plane, until the time when breaking away from her ties, abjuring her past she painted pages that compare favorably with those of Troyon.



I believe that the period that I have just pointed out has been sufficiently defined in the following lines written formerly and that I now recall intentionally :

“ Rosa Bonheur loves nature, which is the frame and the animals who are the interesting personages, in a field, pasture land or on the banks of a river. Neither Troyon nor Brascassat at first offered the ideal that she coveted. She dreamed an idyl such as the literature of Jean-Jacques had shown her. George Sand also exercised her imperious prestige on the mind of this young woman, and we often see the aspects described by the novelist reflected on the canvas of the painter. We might say that Rosa Bonheur paraphrases George Sand. Who does not remember for example this passage in the *Mare au Diable* :

“ That which next attracted my attention was in truth a beautiful sight and a noble subject for a

painter. At the other extremity of the plowed plain a good looking young man was driving a magnificent team of oxen, four yoke of steers, whose



dark coat of tawny black with tan colored reflections, short curly heads and wild big eyes told of the still savage bull, whose abrupt movements working nervously and with jerks showed that the yoke and goad irritated them, and while they obeyed they were quivering with rage at this newly imposed domination. This is what is termed newly broken oxen. The man who is driving them has to clear what has been until now an abandoned corner of pasture, full of old stumps, work for an athlete, for which all his energy, youth and eight half tamed animals is scarcely sufficient. ”

The genesis of the *Labourage nivernais*, now in the Luxembourg museum, is all to be found in these few indications.

George Sand has been the supreme temptress. Her genius fascinated who ever approached and was contagious when understood. Thus Rosa Bonheur became desperately enamored. The great compassion of all the

peasantlife studies of the Berri country was spread on the pages that the painter produced, thus permitting the painter to free her personality from the virile movement that has pushed forward modern landscape. Rosa Bonheur has produced a real and penetrating personal note in art, not perhaps real as life is, but impregnated with ideal life. The dream that they pursued thirty years ago was that of ennobling all that they came in contact with, to refine whatever they observed, to raise up all that moaned,



in the deep furrows made by the breaking up of the earth by the plowshare. Looked at from this point of view, labor in the fields ceased to be vulgar and to work like a beast of burden became the employment of a free man. Rosa Bonheur was also an emancipator, she was full of mansuetude, so anxious to give to those who were suffering, in remembrance of the trials she had endured. A rare woman exquisitely delicate in sacrifice, refined in abnegation.

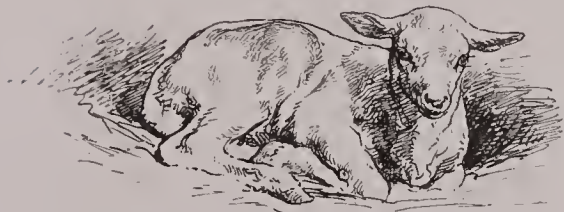
In accordance with my habit, I will not give biographical information

here, I will represent the artist as her works reveal her. I will only seek the personality that escapes, intentionally neglecting professional technicalities, and only dwelling on the manifestations of the mind.

The principal pictures of Rosa Bonheur are to be found in foreign countries. England and America possess the most important. It is to be regretted that an artist who has filled so important a place in contemporary art has voluntarily accepted exile from France, or rather has only worked for foreign lands. Her works appeared at the Universal Exhibitions of 1855 and 1867, but she had totally deserted the annual Salons so that the public only know of her most famous works by hearsay, if it were not for the Luxembourg museum they would be in



absolute ignorance. Her stay in England was injurious even in regard to her execution; the former masculine vigor was weakened, the tones became insipid, and the facture became woolly.



These faults were already visible twenty years ago and they were signalled with regret in the *Gazette des Beaux-Arts*, in an article on Brascassat, signed Saint-Santin :

“ It is not an easy thing to reappear before the public, after having coldly shunned it for several years. See what has just happened to Miss Rosa Bonheur. Since the Universal Exhibition of 1855, when she exhibited her “ Fenaison,” Miss Rosa Bonheur has abstained from taking part in our annual Salons. The very legitimate success of her “ Marché aux Chevaux ”, a chef-d’œuvre, received a flattering echo in England where a special exhibition of this immense canvas was made in London, and since then Miss Rosa Bonheur has only met with honor and profit in working for the English. But to better satisfy her new clients she has too easily forgotten France, and when this laborious and courageous woman, feeling with reason that her name was one of the forces of our



school; and that it was impossible for her to remain a spectator when the contest was to be against Europe, better prepared than they were in 1855, sent us a group of ten of her latest works, none of her friends I am sure, perceived more clearly than she herself that her paintings, formerly, before her voluntary exile from the annual Salons so french, had at present a regrettable and unfortunate accent of the other side of the Channel, that



was not the transparent and brilliant finesse of Landseer nor was it the natural frankness of the painters of this country. The Rosa Bonheur of former times we only found in her sheep pictures; no one has

yet painted fleece like her; I mean fleece slightly combed, for Jacque and Brendel can show her the real sheep toilet, as seen in a sheep fold. The "Moutons au bord de la mer" and the "Moutons dans la barque" are two excellent pieces of painting, worthy of her best period; and we should add that her delicate womanly instinct gives her, in expressing the fine movements of stags and hinds, see the charming picture of "Chevreuils au repos", and "Cerfs traversant un espace découvert", a lightness and gracefulness in drawing that we do not find either in the "Vaches éossaises", nor in the "Bourriquaires aragonais", and that we search in vain for in the heavy paintings of the chase by Martinus the dutch painter. We add that no other animal painter in Europe has shown this year a picture of the strength of her "Razzia", in Scotland, where the



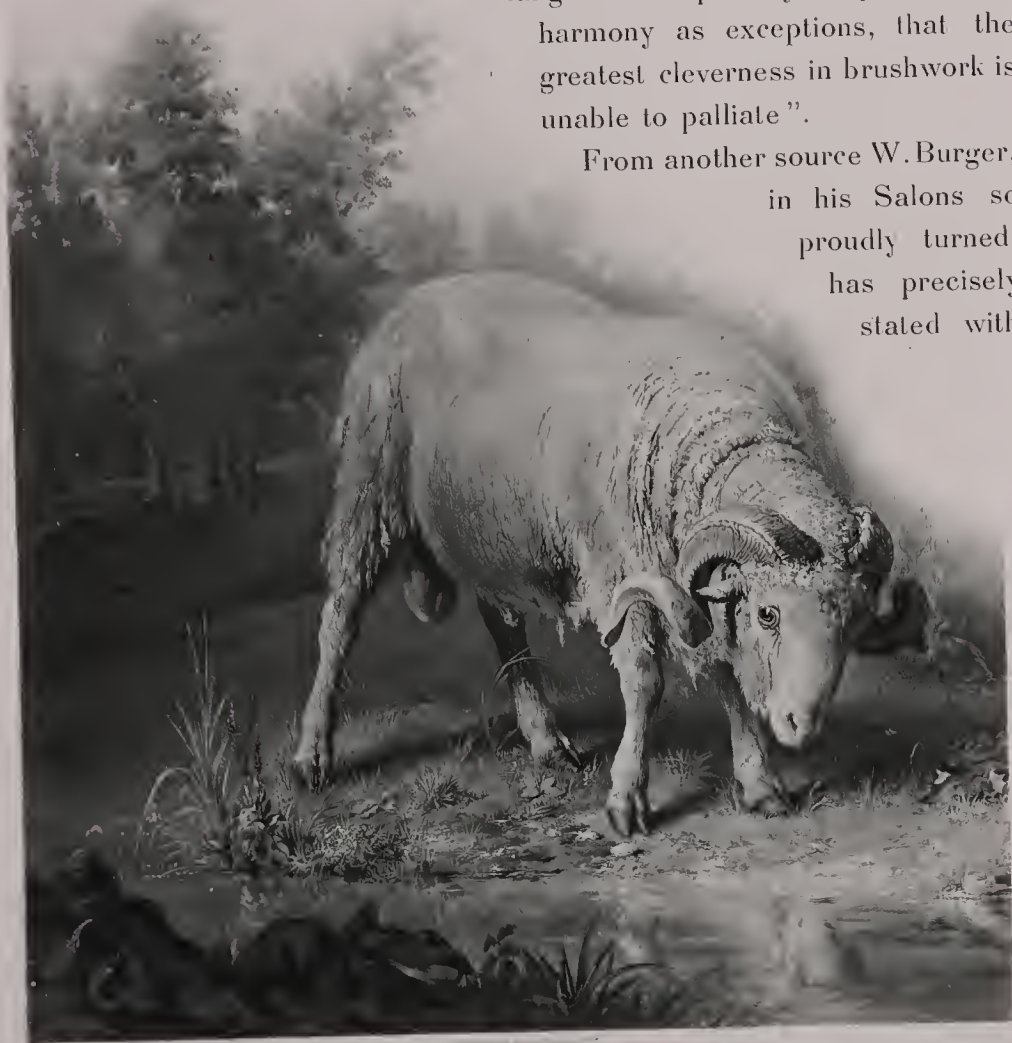
gloomy landscape and real tempest, the savage and imposing air of the buffaloes and rams and the tumult of these superb beasts hustling and crowding one upon another produces the most vigorous impression that the author of the Horse-fair has ever conceived.

"A tiresome and petty execution in landscape, unfortunately this is the weak point of Rosa Bonheur, and their tediousness detract from the effect of her best compositions. Did you remark in the Universal Exhibition, how all

the German and Northern schools received a deplorable general tint from the monotony of their landscapes and the sadness of their mountains? The same palette, loaded with a dirty red tone, seems to have served all these landscapists. I was going to say all these painters of Switzerland, Prussia, Wurtemberg, Sweden, Denmark, Russia, Holland and Bavaria, and it is this palette that we might say Miss Bonheur has borrowed to paint her english pictures, though in England they seem to seek for, and admire, other scales less dreary, clearer and pleasanter in coloration. This however is the mark of the three or four really artistic schools, not weighed down by protestant ennui, the school of France, Belgium, Spain and of Italy, at present in full movement, only know this

languor and poverty of picturesque harmony as exceptions, that the greatest cleverness in brushwork is unable to palliate".

From another source W. Burger,
in his Salons so
proudly turned,
has precisely
stated with





lapidary strokes what M. de Saint-Santin had perhaps written a little timidly :

“ Miss Rosa Bonheur has been treated like a foreigner, although she lives near Thomery, on the banks of the Seine. Since her adoption by the English, who have made her fortune, we have seen none of her paintings in the french exhibition nor in the sales even. At the Universal Exhibition of 1855 at Paris she had only one small stray picture. This time she exhibits ten of her notable works all belonging to the english aristocracy, except the *Moutons*, that the Empress of France has saved from being

transported across the sea. Miss Rosa could not fail to have one of her pictures in the gallery of the princess who pinned upon the artist's blouse the cross of the Legion d'honneur.

“ This chevaliere Rosa, I knew almost as a child going, out to paint, in the fields around Paris. She had short hair and a blouse-waisted dress almost the same as represented in the portrait she painted later with her elbow leaning on the head of a bull in the attitude of a young herdsman; this highly esteemed picture is in England.

“ After the success of the “*Marché aux chevaux*” and some other pictures that were greatly admired in England, Miss Rosa studied the works of Landseer, Ward and other favorite painters of britannic sport so successfully that at present she is like a pupil of Landseer. Her pictures have their reddish tone, undecided touch, glassy and mannered effect, this is not an attack on Landseer who is a very eminent painter. She has also



that love of sporting life that serves as an initiation into the manners, style and habits of animals; ponies, cattle or deer. I fear that her exhibit has not justified the happy painter's english celebrity in the estimation of french amateurs. A first class medal would have been a gallantry pleasing to english taste. But, in truth, the animals of Miss Rosa Bonheur are violaceous and woolly beside the animals of Troyon. She has however two or three very successful pictures, particularly *Poneys de l'île de Skye*, belonging to the famous collection of the marquis of Landsdowne".



These impartial opinions were given at an epoch fertile in discussions, open to criticism and accessible to all sorts of bold-spiritedness; an epoch when they were all the more difficult to please that there were points of comparison on all sides, and for months the Champ de Mars was but a diminutive of the entire universe. Each country appeared there in the bloom of its own genius, some with the touching naivete of youthful nations, others with



recommencements full of zeal, others again with the rather fierce brutality of conquerers. Naturalism was spreading on all sides, here drowning, there fertilizing according to the particular temperament of each race. It was a decisive moment and each one played his cards openly. Certainly this contest for glory between the nations was not wanting in grandeur, and the public was able to measure the height of the bounds of some and the depth of the fall of others.

The two confreres whose testimony I have called upon sum up all that can be said of the remarkable painter whose long and successful career I recall. They extol the personal gifts that are very french, and at the same time express their regrets at the sort of indifference with which the author of

"Fenaison", the "Marché aux Chevaux" and "Labourage nivernais" has treated her country.

There was nothing to incite her to act thus. The french amateurs, artists and critics have always shown great consideration for the master and creator of so many powerful pages. When Rosa Bonheur sent to the annual Salons it was a real delight for all those who follow with enthusiasm the advance of genius. We would have seen the author too rarely acclaimed plant her flag in the midst of french art, and defend that art, here in the center of Paris, in the midst of danger, for the past and present, convention and truth are fighting ferocious battles. But England and Scotland entirely absorbed

Rosa Bonheur. There she found imposing backgrounds for long meditated subjects. She became impregnated with the moist perfume of english pastures and the scent of Scotland's heather, forgetting the beautiful valleys of the Auge and

Touque and the finely formed proud animals that low in Normandy. Brascassat was living, Troyon was producing chefs-d'œuvre and a legion of competitors were pre-



paring for the onset! Rosa Bonheur in consequence fell in to the same style of mannerism as Verboeckoven. Unconsciously under the influence of surroundings, her rams were combed and the sheep had their wool curled. A fatal extreme that no one had anticipated. Think that this was a being marvellously endowed, fully prepared for the contest by a life full of struggles, nurtured by strong and healthy studies to which were united a cautious observance and very liberal theory. In addition and this was well known Rosa Bonheur had an adoration for certain precursors, above all Gericault.

Ah! that Gericault! he haunted her dreams and disturbed her rest. The living figures that he dashed upon canvas, the epic heroes eloquent in their isolation, his horses that are not descended from the Parthenon, but come smoking from the roman Corso, all these passed like hallucinations before the rapturous gaze of Rosa Bonheur. The feverish drawing of Gericault confounded her; his magisterial ardor, vibrating color, and a certain vehemence,

of folly and sublimity that animated the canvases of the painter of the "Radeau de la Méduse" perfectly overpowered her. She knew by his admirable studies of the horse all the researches, fumbings and discouragements of him whom she revered as a master. It was under this influence that she painted the "Marché aux Chevaux", one of the finest animal pictures, of contemporary art, and that has been bought by the English.

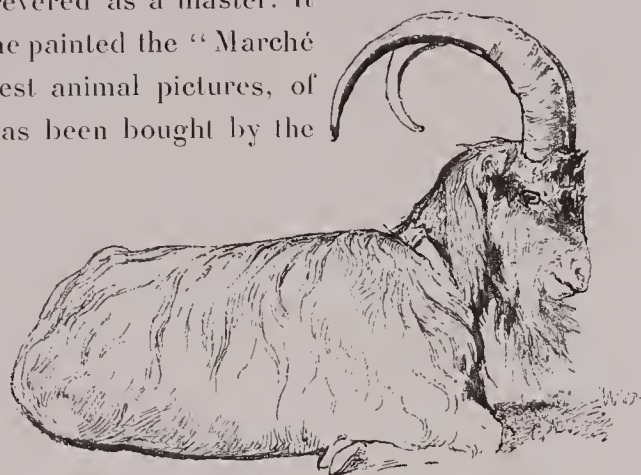
It might be said that the results obtained by Rosa Bonheur are due to the viril education she received from her father. In placing her very young in contact with the difficulties that nature pre-

sents, in throwing her while yet timid before restive and vicious horses, he permitted her to become inured to the difficulties of observance and to impress on her mind the line, drawing, movement and attitude of the horses, the species or race of which she was to explain with the point of her pencil. To this gymnastic that I will term the "humanities" of the painter, Rosa Bonheur united special talents personal to her : the talents of

composition, arrangement and execution. Her rich, savory brush painted largely in a peculiarly harmonious scale, she was able to put a



lyrical touch in her most realistic works and to skillfully wed the souls of beings to the essence of things. A latent poetry has always bathed the rural pages of Rosa Bonheur; an ineluctable charm consecrates them continuously, an intelligent being cannot study nature with impunity, she absorbs you entirely because she shows herself without artifice resembling those



feminine souls who shed light wherever they pass and whose disappearance produces a twilight that one thinks must be eternal. To express the fluidity of the air, the melancholy of sites, the somewhat austere grandeur of horizons bathed in evening mist, to mingle an action with this august frame work, a few cows at rest, some raising their hieratic heads and others fixing a contemplative eye on the sky ; a furrow traced by a plowshare drawn by a pair of horses ; a flock of sheep enclosed in a park under the care of a herdsman whose silhouette is like the "Berger et la mer", goats clinging to an hillside, or just a vast plowed field with an abandoned harrow and some circling, hovering crows. These are the effects that the earth offers with ever changing effects according to the hour when they are seen ; this is what gifted painters see, retain and translate with the sensibility that they possess.



Rosa Bonheur has synthesized this poetic talent that certain privileged natures possess in her "Labourage nivernais" this I studied again yesterday at the new Luxembourg museum. It is a *chef-d'œuvre* that one cannot tire of admiring and which awakes indefinable sensations in the living, suffering, loving being that is in us. This picture is at once intimate and vehement. It chants the labor of the earth accomplished like a sacred rite by the peasant, sublime in his inferiority, the secret agent of the mysterious process of nature. See that rustic stimulating with a goad the oxen who draw the plow, tearing up the soil to hasten its fecundation. The animals move slowly, bending their heads under the yoke that holds them, handsome as the *Apis* that are to be seen on antique frontals. All the interest is concentrated on this group ; all the life of the work reposes in it, of little importance is the second team that follows, and the landscape with its hills dotted with

groups of trees, brightened by roofs almost concealed in foliage, and enveloped by the atmosphere of a gray sky streaked here and there with luminous tones!

The home of the painter, at by, was formerly a hunting lodge built during the reign of Louis fifteenth. To the original building a pavilion has been added containing a studio and stables for horses, and other models for the pictures painted in the studio.

The adjacent park joins the forest of Fontainbleau and is connected by a private gate, thus permitting the owner to wander in the fresh woodlands without passing through the village. On the lawn roman oxen, mountain sheep and other rare cattle are grazing, and here not long ago was installed a cage of lions especially imported for Miss Bonheur, the originals of the pictures lately painted by her and exhibited with so much success in England. Rosa Bonheur is chevalier of the Legion d'honneur since 1865.

EUGENE MONTROSIER.



Photographie de l'original par K. C. A.



RAIMOND DE MADRAZO



Madrazo, a very pleasant sounding name, with an agreeable flavor of the soil. In pronouncing it we seem to hear the joyous jingle of the bell-decked mules, the clash of gallants swords, and the twanging of guitar strings and, as if passing in the evening air, the breath of manolas leaning on their balconies. Mr. Raimond de Madrazo's life has something of the picaresque, in it fantasy circulates more freely than reason, and imagination delights in pranks that would have enraptured Cervantes, the glorious soldier, author of the immortal Don Quichotte.

The Madrazo who occupies our attention, for the Madrazos form a dynasty, and profit by the laws of hereditary transmission that govern mankind : intellectual inheritance or physical inheritance. He is a painter

because, in his family, for more than a hundred years from father to son they have been painters. In default of a sceptre, he has picked up the brush that his predecessors had skillfully handled and he has succeeded so well that brush is not likely to change into a distaff.

If an account of all events that have happened had been carefully collected what a curious history might have been written on this line of artists



whose onward progress, nothing has been allowed to impede, pursuing their route in the midst of a thousand difficulties always with the same sure and even pace, the feet attached to the soil, but the eye always turned towards the heavens where shines the radiant brightness of the Ideal. We would like to follow day by day the existence of these enthusiasts of the unknown, of these seekers of the golden fleece wandering as chance directed, with their knapsacks on their back, supping on a crust of bread dipped in a brook, sleeping under the stars, "in God's inn", soothing their distress with a song or a kiss, blown from the finger's ends to the Senora leaning from her window, who blushes redder than the pink that is fastened in her black tresses. We would like to describe the rest at the turn in the road, the easel placed, the canvas taken from the box, the colors extracted from the tubes, and quick the sketch is made expressing in a vivid manner the emotions felt. Then the happy chance encounters : a peasant going to town offers the dusty, tired pedestrian a

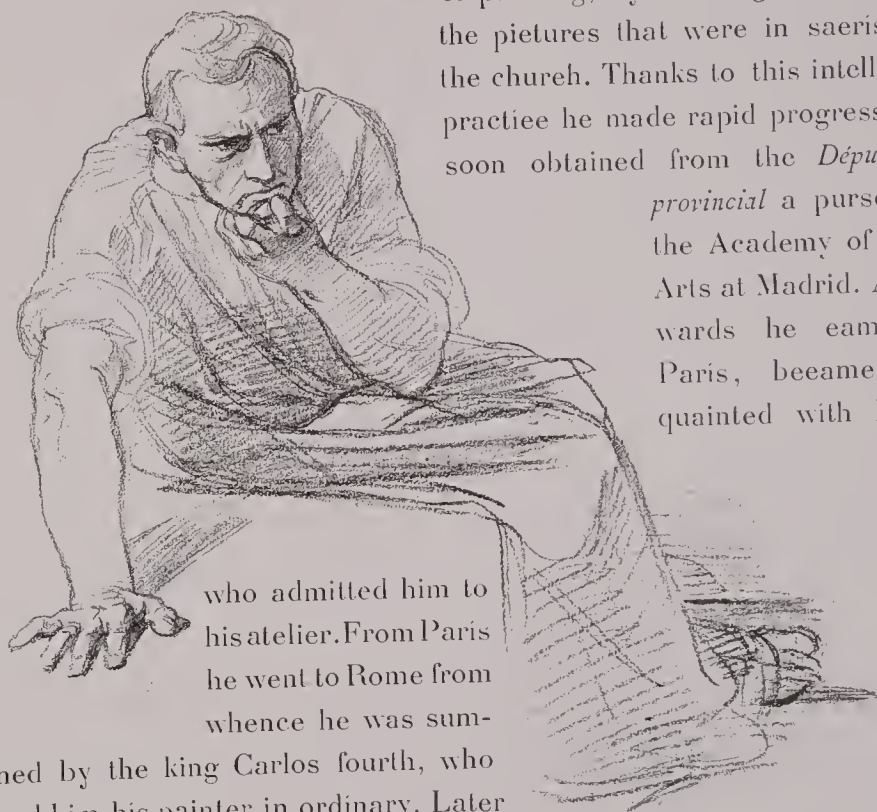
place in his cart, and there is picturesque conversation or observations on things, seen and appreciated differently, with warmth of words and eloquent gestures and a ripple of laughter like beads falling from a broken necklace.

This is how I imagine the first of the Madrazos' José by name to have been. He was born at Santander near the end of the eighteenth century, he belonged to a modestly situated family who considered industry a virtue, from dawn until sunset the father and mother labored, and their continuous efforts were worth more than if they had had a fortune.

Like the heroes of fairy tales, José showed from his earliest years a talent that surprised his parents and made them prognosticate the most brilliant situations for their son. The son drew with passion, covering the margins of his schoolbooks with sketches, that were often wanting in respect for the master who tried to make him nibble the fruit of the tree of knowledge. All were interested in the attempts of this miniature Vélasquez, and we are assured, that it was the priest of his parish who initiated him into the secrets

of painting, by allowing him to copy the pictures that were in sacristy of the church. Thanks to this intelligent practice he made rapid progress and soon obtained from the *Députacion*

provincial a purse for the Academy of Fine Arts at Madrid. Afterwards he came to Paris, became acquainted with David



who admitted him to his atelier. From Paris he went to Rome from whence he was summoned by the king Carlos fourth, who named him his painter in ordinary. Later he was professor of the Academy and finally he became director of the Prado museum. He died in 1854, full of years and honors.

Is it not interesting to describe this long and fine career pursued with exemplary tenacity by the painter, in the course of which José de Madrazo overcame early obscurity and initial misery by the force of the only invulnerable arm : the will? Certainly the great mass of our modern painters have also known lacerating pains that their intelligence has healed ; and certain ones have produced chefs-d'œuvre in solitude and suffering. But the times are changed ; instruction has developed, and the struggles are less bitter, than

they were at the epoch, when he commenced, whose life we take pleasure in recalling. He found himself in presence of rivals who were all the more formidable that they formed a little circle. In the past it was an elite; today it is a crowd composed of undisciplined soldiers counting but a few

recognized chiefs—and these are not always acclaimed. How many cowards in this disbanded army! What treachery among the hirelings who mutiny against Nature, whom they dishonor by their unwholesome embraces.

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José de Madrazo had two sons, Federico and Luis, who followed his footsteps and obtained equal advantages. Federico, in his turn also had two sons, Raimond and Ricardo.

Mr. Raimond de Madrazo, who is the object of this study, was born in Rome in 1841. Having in the blood the taste for painting he was initiated very young by his father who encouraged with joy the incipient dispositions of his son. He had him visit

museums causing his intelligence to be on the alert by being in contact with the treasures that are contained within the limits of the eternal city. He related to him the lives of all their illustrious ancestors whose hands had left luminous traces that will brighten the world until its decline. He talked to him of men and things, of the palaces and the monuments congealed in the immobility of their majestic ruins. He reconstructed before



the astonished eyes of his son the Rome of the Cesars. He spoke to his eyes and brain that were filled with admiration. So many colossal works oppressed him; he desired to go away for a time and in 1835 he left his father to come to Paris.

Paris was to him another Rome. The art of the nineteenth century was spread out in all its splendor and he had a vision of another Renaissance. Were there not before his eyes canvases that were also to be immortal? Delacroix, Ingres, Théodore Rousseau, Jules Dupré, Corot, Troyon, Decamps astonished the entire world by their power and by the penetration of their minds. The pupil, he was then fourteen years old returned musing to the familiar home. Six years



after he returned to Paris and settled there for a long stay, becoming a pupil of the school of Fine Arts, and entering the atelier of Cogniet. This time the connection with the past was broken. Mr. Raimond de Madrazo became one of us; he became gallicized and it was for new songs that he was to tune his guitar.

He has the tenacity of the Spaniard and the haughtiness of a hidalgo.

He would know for the sake of knowing, and also so as not to be inferior to others. He works with passion, draws constantly, paints nature as the model presents it in the particular light of the atelier, and as the eye perceives it in the limitless horizon of the fields. The street, the theatre, society also



furnish him with subjects for analysis. He has studied modern life such as the democracy has made it, elegance as women have created it and this son of the sun accustomed to the capricious costumes of his country, to the bril-

liant colors and pompous fancies of the court of Spain that recall in so many ways the ceremonial of the court of Louis fourteenth, was not scandalized by the contrast. To the contrary: he found a charm in these people who were new to him, in this city of Paris that resembles a luminous decoration and is, without chauvinism, for the whole world: the Capital. Besides it is pre-eminently the city in which to hide, when one has some peccadillo on their conscience, or to work when one has an idea in his head he wishes to develop. Mr. Raimond de Madrazo delights in the serene tranquillity of the atelier, in the charming tête-à-tête of worker and his work, the hour of good work followed by the quarter of an hour's rest; during which the heated imagination borne by a chimera ascends to ethereal regions, where the creator stands before his sketched-in canvas or rough-hewn block of stone and makes his examination of



conscience, then the brain becomes feverish, doubts arise and despondency succeeds enthusiasm, dismaying the worker who but now believed himself a victor. Cruel but necessary stages, the eternal struggle of mind versus

matter, a homeric contest in private of Jacob and the Angel! Moments of despair sometimes followed by strengthening reaction and inspirations of genius. For man as well as the ox needs to feel the goad to force him to advance. Stagnation is fatal, and immobility is mortal to him. Ah! what writer can pierce the intimate secrets of a superior being when engaged in struggling with the supreme event in the production of a work; of a Mozart writing his "Don Juan", or of a Napoleon before the victory of d'Eylau, that a few hours before had the aspect of a defeat; or a Victor Hugo throwing throbbing on to paper the last lines of "Hernani". These giants advanced at adventure and marched towards the unknown. Who can affirm that they have not felt trickling down their brows the bloodsweat that leads to the final cataclysm?

It is for this reason that every one that creates seeks solitude. If he has moments of exhaustion when reason loses her equilibrium, if he holds his fever agitated head between his hands, then he alone is witness of his depression, no indiscreet ear hears his revolts, nor any jealous eye of loved ones sees his clinched fists quivering in the direction of the heavens; and the imprecation that rises from his heart to his lips only finds an echo in his soul. I would fill out this psychological portrait of a modern painter of which there are in Paris more examples than the levity of Parisians would lead us to suppose. I would pierce through the covering by which he is protected to his heart and lay that heart bare by the psychologic processes that constitute the vivisection of sensations, sentiments and passions! The epidermis of a human being is only a livery worn by all the world, whilst the thought that brightens the brain, and the soul that gives light to the conscience, differ in every way in a group of individuals chosen at random. In this I am not considering any particular artist, but the artist; and when I write: the artist, I am thinking of those





that nothing can divert from their course, that will follow it however dangerous it may seem, passing over abysses and arriving at their destined goal, even if they die in the attempt. Does he not feel that his death will be a resurrection, and that as soon as his tomb is closed green laurels will spring up and remain for ever.

This is a long digression in connection with an amiable contemporary who from the time he delivered his works to the public has

found his path strewn with roses. —

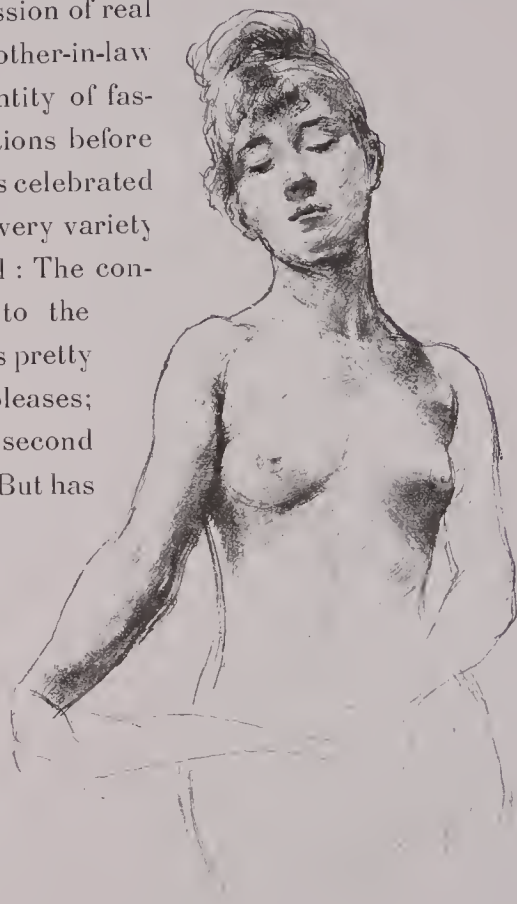
Do not reproach me for the melancholy tone of this study for it was not premeditated. The melancholy that exhales is involuntary, but it is there and I submit to it. When I think of all the creators, the superior minds who have joined to their name the title of a work or a discovery, and compare the small amount of their notoriety with the dimension of their task, and when I realize that generations perhaps will disappear before they will reach the pure radiance of apotheosis, I accuse my time of blindness and ingratitude, and I let it be understood that I share neither of these sentiments.

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I have already stated that Mr. Raimond de Madrazo rarely commits himself, that he shuns the noise of crowds and the opinion the ignorant. As an evidence



of this I will add that before the Exhibition of 1878 he had taken part in none of the annual Salons, his first public works were, I think, some decorations for the palace of the queen of Spain, in the Champs-Élysées. But in his atelier how many sketches, commencements, studies and finished pieces there were hanging side by side, some specimens took wing and settled with his friends or in the possession of real art lovers. In this he resembled his brother-in-law Fortuny. The latter already had a quantity of fascinating pages placed in choice collections before Paris had heard of him, and is he the less celebrated on that account? It has been said in every variety of tone and it must be again repeated: The consecration of the mass never goes to the powerful; it always stops before what is pretty or gracious, before what amuses and pleases; it decrees a fashion, and so painters of second rank become possible for exportation. But has it ever hailed an innovator at his genial birth? Has it crowned with its applause the difficult moments when comfort is needed? How many looking forward to the future encouraged Géricault? How many were there who were able to predict that Victor Hugo would overthrow the old classical world? How many suspected that Delacroix, although his prelude was a chef-d'œuvre, was going to equal the most illustrious artists of Italy, Spain and Flanders? And the landscapists, Rousseau, Dupré, Corot, Daubigny, were they not misapprehended? And Millet, yes Millet! what would have become of his works if the banknotes with which the drawings were covered at the Gavet sale had not opened the eyes of the public? And there are so many others that recalling their names would have the appearance of giving a list of martyrs. The "Vox populi" is only valuable in sanctioning sensational efforts, it does not touch the delicate dreamers or poets.



In 1878, at our last universal Exhibition, Spain occupied a prominent place. The "Death of Lucrèce" it will be remembered was treated by Messrs. Rosalez and Plasencia, and then "Jeanne the Folle" of Mr. Pradilla, obtained a medal of honor. In genre painting, by the side of Fortuny, who

had a posthumous exhibition, Mr. de Madrazo was the success of his section. The numerous pictures he sent were all devoted to his dear fatherland of which his sojourn in France had not weakened his recollection. Some one has written on this subject :

"The Fatherland is for the artist the "Alma tellus" that sustains him, the prolific and good mother who lends herself to his caprices as well as to his embraces. None understand, admire nor reproduce her beauties as the son born of the soil and nourished by her; none can speak with as much respect, love and truth and no one has a better chance of being listened to with attention.

"We find from the brush of Mr. de Madrazo an almost unknown Spain. The types of this young master have a physiognomy that not only neutralizes and effaces the pictures

of french romanticism, but also the famous poetry of the same time that was consecrated to this subject, and had the pretention of revealing it to us.

"The Spain of Mr. de Madrazo in nowise resembles the Spain of Victor Hugo, a lyric; nor the Spain of Alfred de Musset, a fantastic, these have treated their theme more after their excessive and unrestrained imaginations than from their impressions. No more does it resemble the Spain of Eugène Giraud by which, for a time, we were decoyed and amused. It approaches



nearer to the Spain of Messrs. Worms and Vibert, two contemporaries who have followed, known and reproduced their model conscientiously. However, the Spain of the native artist possesses a high flavor that only Théophile Gautier perhaps, among our compatriots, has been able to enjoy ”.

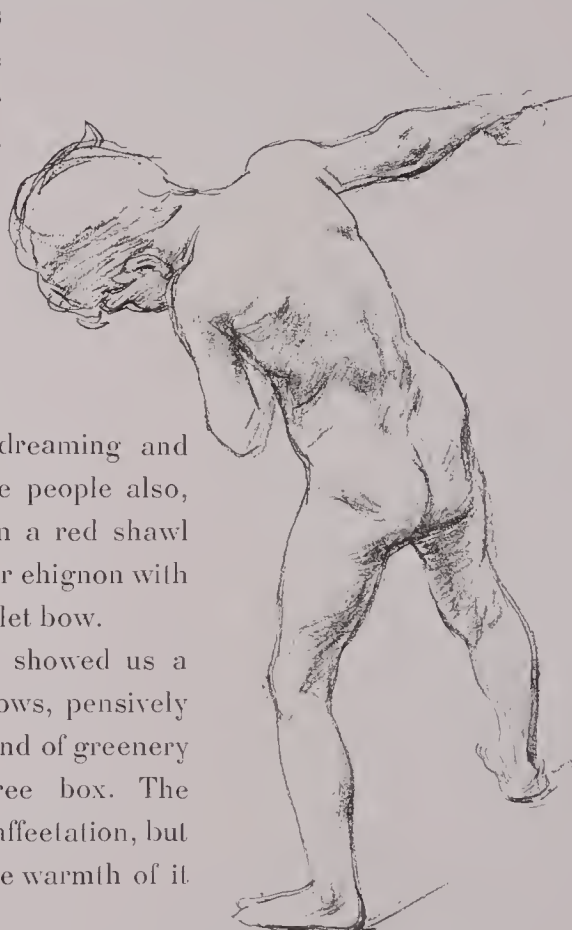
Mr. de Madrazo has not shown himself a great inventor in the subjects I am about to describe. A personage, an incident, the corner of drawingroom, a view or a landscape, anything is sufficient to give a zest to the theme his brush caresses. He has humor and spontaneity. He makes an incision in a character and writes in lapidary letters an instinct or a temperament. These characters in 1878 were called, “Andalouse” and the “Type espagnol”, one with her arms crossed, red neckerchief and black mantilla, dark and proud, dreaming and daring; the other, a woman of the people also, laughing, provocative and pretty, in a red shawl trimmed with white lace, and on her chinon with its brown reflections, a pink and violet bow.

The “Souvenir d’Andalousie” showed us a guitarist in pink and yellow furbelows, pensively stretched out, in front of a back ground of greenery and flowers, against an orange-tree box. The landscape offends somewhat by its affectation, but is to be commended however for the warmth of its coloration.

At the side of these very successful paintings we admire a “Pierrette” that seems to have come from a Watteau masquerade. Imagine a young girl, you will find her here, in white according to the tradition for the role, pointed hat, silk stockings, short skirts, white satin slippers, rose-colored mantle lined with blue and bordered with ermine, standing with her legs crossed leaning against a white tapestry background.

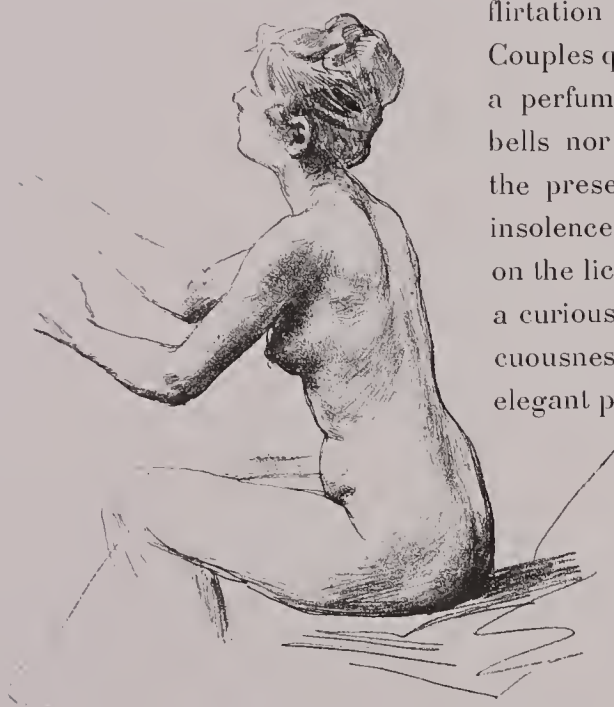
A symphony in three notes : white, pink and blue.

“La Sortie du bal masqué” that we have reproduced, is one of the



most important pages that Mr. de Madrazo has painted. Here is a rapid outline :

Some clowns, columbines, pantaloons, harlequins, jesters and buffoons, merry-andrews, Turks and astrologers take flight, at dawn, from the perron of a palace, that stands in the midst of a garden, and disappear rapidly in the street, some in pairs other alone. Some pretty women are slipping into carriages, that have become scarce on account of the late hour of the night. A hector that the dance has not tired is teasing a marquise, tricked out like a Dubarry, who is ready to continue in the cold early-morning air the



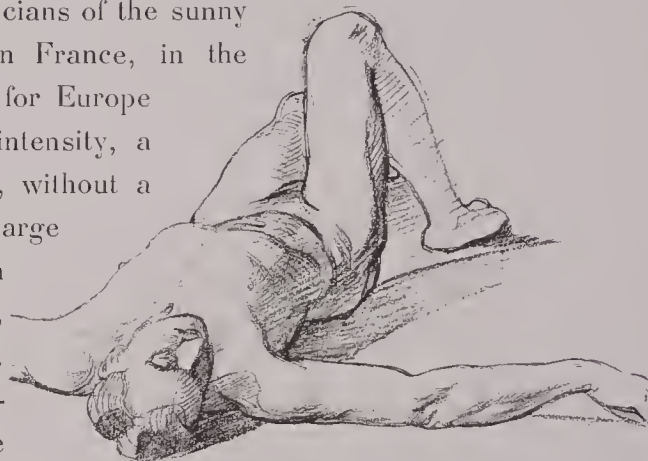
flirtation commenced under the chandeliers. Couples quickly disappear leaving behind them a perfumed wake. Folly has not hushed her bells nor gayety its noisy merriment despite the presence of the footmen who, with the insolence of inferiors, are making comments on the license of their superiors. There is here a curious and very natural medley, a promiscuousness between these representatives of elegant parisian society and their servants that

perplexes the observer as to their true significance. Here the painter gives a hint of a philosopher. He recreates in his own style in the midst of Paris, at the gate of the Park-Monceau the picture of Cou-ture. All the types are true without

any idea of caricature or satire. These men and women we could cite their names. To-morrow we shall brush past them at a first representation or meet them at the Mirliton club or the Water-Color exhibition. They are the cream of Tout-Paris mixed with the milk that comes from all latitudes! The scene is charming in every way and the background and accessories are distinctively parisian. The sky is gray, foggy a real february sky, covering houses and the garden with its leafless trees that stand out in elegant silhouettes. The dawning light seems to put out the bluish flame of the street lamps. The architecture of the palace and the houses seen over the railings stamp the picture as indiscutably parisian.

Mr. de Madrazo whose work I had only been able to meet with at the Exhibition of 1878 and more recently at a private exhibition in the *salle Georges Petit*, is a distinguished portrait painter who gives a grand air to the women whose likeness he places on canvas. He is acquainted with the secrets of the sex; he excels in placing a figure in surroundings that suit it; he states precisely their inborn distinction, intelligence, goodness and courage in vision which haunt his admirers like the enigmatical *Joconde*. Under each of these portraits they expect to find a sonnet of *José-Maria d'Heredia*, and perhaps the poet would cause the sonnet *d'Arvers* to be forgotten.

The appearance of Mr. de Madrazo in 1878 was an important event. Like all the dreamers and musicians of the sunny south he manifested himself in France, in the center of Paris and of Europe, for Europe had just landed here, with an intensity, a harmony and vibration of color, without a second. Coloring plays in effect a large part, if not the principal one in these pictures so skillfully done, so warmly lighted by the sun. Mr. de Madrazo is original because he does not proceed like any of his predecessors although he knows how to make a good use of the qualities of his ancestors. It might be said of him that with words taken from the classics he speaks a new language, that has a rhythm of its own, a spontaneous cadence, a kind of generous flavor.



If he paints what has been painted before, he does it in such a manner that no one perceives it. How can we be surprised when we know the stations he has been over. He has seen a great deal, studied earnestly and analyzed much. He is acquainted with Masters and Schools, but he forgets them when he places himself before his easel, if his work varies it is precisely because often he does not know what he is going to do; if he is original it is above all because he finds means to arrive at the goal in spite of the obstacles that have accumulated before him. In spite of his sojourn among us, and his intimacy with *Fortuny*, *Zamacois*, *Rico* and *Domingo*, Mr. de Madrazo has not become parisianized. Under the appearance of a man of the world,

the hidalgo is extant, a true son of the masters of his race : Ribera and Goya. But in spite of this kind of bringing-together, he remains himself, his works belong to him, the blue blood of spanish greatness flows in his veins.

Have I written all that I know, or all I would write on Raimond de Madrazo? No indeed, since I was about to omit to mention that exquisite portrait of Coquelin aîné, in the part of Annibal in the “Aventurière”: a pure chef-d'œuvre, that has in it something like the magic of Franz Hals, in the “Joyeux compagnon” in the museum of Trippenhuis of Amsterdam, if you could change it to the costume of a personage of italian comedy.

EUGÈNE MONTROSIER.





JOHN-EVERETT MILLAIS



Millais, notwithstanding his French surname, is the most characteristically English painter that the contemporary British art-world has to show. Indeed he is his country's pride as well as the fullest expression of their national artistic proclivities which lean rather towards the representation of the actual and present than towards the monumental or imaginative. A bold, masculine nature of the paste from which men of action, soldiers or sportmen, rather than artists are fashioned, his temperament is expressed in his work by means of a robust sincerity, a disregard of convention, a directness of pictorial utterance that places him at the opposite pole to the President of our Academy of Art, sir Frederick Leighton. His work represents the learned

culture and æsthetic bent of his country and time while that of Millais depicts its prose and average intelligence. Millais is an eminently modern artist who finds rather than creates, expresses rather than idealizes : a great unflinching master, but neither a poet nor an idealist.

John-Everett Millais was born on June 3th 1829 at the seaport town of Southampton, the son of a Jersey officer, whence his french cognomen. He was extraordinarily precocious with the use of his pencil and when in 1835 the family moved their residence to Dinan, in Brittany, young Millais's sketches of the French officers stationed in the town were the talk and wonder of the place. His parents, recognizing his marked talents thought it well to have advice about his future and to this end, when the boy was eight years old, they took him to London to consult with the then President of the Academy



what they should do about their infant prodigy. Sir Martin Shee was a man who had not found art a successful career, and as a rule he discouraged all aspirants who desired to embrace his profession. But when the untutored efforts of little Millais were put before him he at once recognized their uncommon ability. "The parents of a child so gifted", he said to Mr. and Mrs. Millais, "should do all in their power to help the cultivation of his faculties and to speed him on the career for which nature has evidently intended him". His parents following the advice thus authoritatively given, at once placed their boy in an art academy and Millais may boast that he is perhaps, of contemporary painters, the one who took up his profession at the tenderest age. At nine, he won the silver medal of the Society of Arts; at thirteen, one for drawing from the antique. Indeed before he was sixteen he had carried off every Academic prize for which he had competed. In 1846, when barely seventeen, he exhibited his first picture which was pronounced in a contemporary French criticism on a level with the best historical work of the year. The theme was "The Capture of the Inca by Pizarro". Its treatment showed a knowledge of composition and effect that was more than creditable considering the youth of the artist and what was perhaps more remarkable was that the last adjective one would have applied to it was immature. As an English writer has well said, "One might rather take it for a spirited and successful work of a ripe painter of that time, when English art was rather conventional and not too particular about minute historical accuracy". His

the English art of its day from a deplorable condition of stagnation and flaccidity. For Millais it was useful in that it liberated him from the conventionalities into which his pictures of '48 showed a danger of sinking. It fostered his gift of imitating the thing that was before him and directed him towards that study of Nature which he has turned to such good account. He gradually shook off the fallacies of the school, he retained all it had taught him of good. At the best the main spiritual note of the school had been to him an acquired matter. His straightforward and non-complex intellect did not fall in with the subtle and often hyper-critical ideas of his colleagues, with whom his only real point of contact was their earnest interest in severe labor.



Four pictures all more or less note worthy were the contributions of Millais while actually a member of the Pre-Raphaelite brotherhood and entitled to sign his work with their cypher. The first was an illustration of the poet Keat's paraphrase of Boccaccio's story of "Isabella and the pot of Basil". The moment chosen by Millais is that when the cruel brothers surprise the feelings of the lovers betrayed while sitting side by side at the household dinner. The composition affects the naïveté, the stiffness of early Italian schools we see all the figures as they sit each side of a long narrow table just as they might really have sat. It is a "tour de force" in its way, as the difficulty of representing a dozen people sitting at a table nearly at right angles to the on-looker is stupendous, but an agreeable picture it is not. There is no striving after beauty of effect or composition in the whole canvas, and dramatically it is a failure although it shows command over a wide range of human expression. But for brushwork and color Millais has not surpassed this picture even at his best. The following year the walls of the Academy showed two more works painted in the strictly Pre-Raphaelite manner. These were "Ferdinand lured by Ariel" and "Christ in the house of his Parents". Both canvases called forth much critical indignation while in the case of the second the narrow-minded and Pharisaical public opinion of the day branded it as little short of irreverent and irreligious. This was no less absurd than the inhibition to day of Vereshagin's picture on much the same

subject by, the Archbishop of Vienna. Millais's picture represents a Jewish carpenter's shop in which Joseph and his apprentices are depicted as plying their trade surrounded by the whole family. The young Jesus, a boy of some eight summers has wounded his hand with a nail and flies to his mother for sympathy. Joseph and the aged Anna look on in deep concern for the child's sufferings. While aiming at accuracy of historical detail in avoiding the conventional haloes or nimbuses around the reputed sacred figures, Millais erred in fidelity in respect of choosing English and not Semitic models to stand for his figures.

This causes his work to differ notably in truth of presentment from the work of Vereschagin and Munkaesy and allies his sacred art rather to the school of Rembrandt and Paolo Veronese. Truth to reality is de-



manded to day, as much of the artist who would paint sacred subjects, as of him that paints historical. And this leaning towards accuracy is not one to be depreciated and may have unlooked for effects in liberating humanity from the myths with which it has been too long plied to its intellectual injury. Millais himself has learnt to recognize his early error. Thus he admits that even today he would much like to paint a large devotional picture having for its subject "Suffer little children to come unto me". "I should feel, he says, the greatest delight in painting it, but the first question that occurs to me is what children do we care about? Why our own fair English children of course — not the brown, bead-eyed, semious-looking children of Syria. And with what sense of fitness could I paint the Saviour bare-headed

under the sun of Palestine surrounded by dusky, gypsylike children, or on the other hand, translate the whole scene to England? The public is too critical to bear this kind of thing now, and I should be weighed down by the sense of unreality in treating a divinely beautiful subject. The world is much older than it was thirty or forty years ago. It not only knows more in reality, but is more knowing in its attitude."

The "Ferdinand" despite the fine expression in the Prince's face despite of extreme care in the drawing of the foliage, the painting of the accessories, displeased by its crudity of color and its misconception of that most exquisite of Shakspeare's creations, the tricky Ariel. Under Millais's brush the elvish boy became an ugly green goblin and the delicate "poetry of the whole situation" had "vanished into thin air."

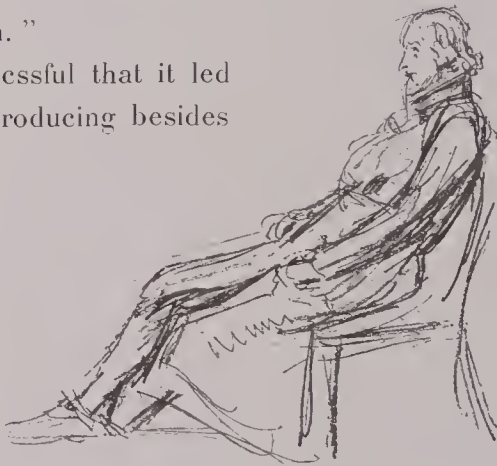
Whether it was the abuse with which these pictures were greeted (mingled of course with unstinted praise from adherents of the Pre-Raphaelite school) or whether it was that Millais himself recognized that his strength did not lie in realizing visions of the unseen, it is certain that the pictures of the following year showed a hesitancy of theme and treatment. On one of them "The Return of the Dove to the Ark" scarcely a critic gave an opinion. Another "The Woodman's Daughter" became a positive *reductio ad absurdum* of the central theory of the Pre-Raphaelite brotherhood, that what is common in nature is good enough for art. Millais must, one would think have gone out of his way to find so ugly and uninteresting a child as his model. It is true that the poem to which the picture was illustration spoke of the child as plain, but why choose such a poem for illustration is the obvious criticism. These are however to prove Millais last efforts in the allegorical and didactic line, though not his last efforts in the domain of the ugly and absolutely uninteresting. It is a most curious fact that at times he will miss absolutely the sentiment or point of a scene, will go blankly wrong in choice of theme, yet at other times no one can seize the charm of a situation with keener intuition.

But to return to the chronological order of Millais's development. A great divergence was marked with the year 1852 when the artist made his first popular hit "The Huguenot", the couple of lovers, familiar wherever his name is known, who meet in a secret spot to bid each other a last sad farewell on the eve Massacre of Saint-Bartholomew. Loving

honor even more than his ladylove, the lover refuses to let her bind round his arm the white scarf that would have saved him from murder, since it would have let him pass as catholic. In this picture there was nothing ugly or absurd, and though a little stiff and ungraceful the figures are full of feeling and the Pre-Raphaelite peculiarities of exact accessory detail, though not yet wholly swamped, are no longer painted and exaggerated for their own sake, but exist as a means to an end. Of this and the "Black Brunswicker" which is to a certain extent its "pendant", Mr. Chesneau has written: "Those two mute and almost motionless dramas, the one patriotic, the other religious. In both the lover is endowed with unloverlike dignity by the danger in which he stands and in both interest is insured by leaving the *dénouement* uncertain."

This group was indeed so successful that it led to repetitions of the central idea, producing besides the "Black Brunswicker", "The Bride of Lammermoor", "The Proscribed Royalist", "Escape of a Heretic", and "Effie Deans". In all these, as well as in other pictures by this artist, is embodied what he holds as one of his main principles, namely to leave the drama unfinished to depict the incident while the danger is imminent but has not yet overwhelmed its victims. Another essential characteristic of his art, according to his own explanation, is his treatment of woman as a thing to be loved. "It is only since Watteau and Gainsboro", he says, "that woman has won her right place in art. The Dutch had no love for women; the Italians were as bad. The women's pictures of Titian, Raphael, Rembrandt, Van Dyck, Velasquez, are magnificent as works of art; but who would care to kiss such women? Watteau, Gainsboro, and Reynolds were needed to show us how to do justice to woman, and to reflect her sweetness". While by no means ready to indorse the artist's dictum which is too absolute for truth and betrays a certain ignorance of Italian art, yet the utterance is of interest as being his opinion.

"The Huguenot" and its immediate successors showed that Millais



had learnt to distinguish what is passing and what is permanent in appearance and effect and hence he naturally liberated himself from the thrall of the Pre-Raphaelite school. There was still a touch of perverseness in his rendering of the "Death of Ophelia" where as much, if not more attention is bestowed on the weedy ditch as on the hapless maiden, but none of this element was present in "The Order of Release" one of the most masculine pieces of work ever turned out by the painter. The sub-title "1746" explains that it is a theme taken from the times of the Jacobite disturbances, and depicts a wife who bring to the prison where her husband is incarcerated a



pardon that will effect his release. The turnkey, the woman, the child in her arms, the captive, all are unmistakably Scotch in face and attitude, and both for its truthful detail and its sentiment the work at once

met with public favor. It was after its exhibition that Millais was elected an Associate of the Academy of Arts, to become later, in 1864, a full Academician. The same year that this distinction came, which gave him his brevet rank as a painter he married. His wife was a Scotchwoman. She has

borne him a large family whose sweet childish faces have become immortalized by their father's hand.

From 1854 onward Millais's pictures grow so numerous that it is



impossible to name them all. Nor was his work confined to color; he was soon a popular artist on wood, and for many years his designs were frequently met with in periodicals and books, up to quite recently, he will still at times give a work the benefit of his pencil, as for example the late *édition de luxe* of Thackeray's books that include some spirited pictures from his hand. More and more he inclined in his subjects towards the familiar, the domestic, the anecdotic, and though for a while there remained a love of romantic themes yet these were usually of a kind where the sentiment is cheap, obvious or well worn. Millais is far greater as a craftsman than as a thinker or creator. Were his inventive powers as considerable as his technical skill and his mastery over color he would indeed be the greatest artist the English school has ever produced.

In his picture "Autumn Leaves" exhibited in 1856, Millais first attempted work in which landscape took a prominent place. The canvas showed four young girls heaping up withered leaves on a low fire. Behind them is a sunset sky that bathes the distant blue hills with its rich glow of color. Of all this beauty the workers are unconscious,

and it is this fact that lends a spiritual note to the picture, a note many observers and critics of the time missed, in that it was modified if not to a certain extent obscured by the lack of beauty in the girls who occupy the foreground. In this work was well seen the advance made in Millais's style. Instead of each leaf being painted with minuteness, as would have been the case earlier, they are here given with great truth and force but with a treatment that was general and with work that was more rapid. This increase of rapidity was to become Millais's bane. After having got over his early love of detail his danger grew to be haste, until of late years his work has at times been so blotchy and scamped that only at a distance does it make its proper effect, and even here careless treatment of minor parts, such as hands and draperies, offends the eye and makes us marvel at the entire and subversive change from 1848 to 1884. But until about 1864



he still oscillated between careful finish and rapid effect. To the former class belongs his famous "Eve of St. Agnes" an illustration of Keats poem of the maiden who hopes to see her lover in a dream on the festival of this virgin martyr. This picture laid itself open to criticism for awkwardness and defiance of grace in drapery but was full of beauty, truth, and skill in the matter of light. The effect of the moonshine falling through the stained glass windows that throw warm gules on Madeline's fair breast, is splendid for subtlety and harmony of treatment. To the series of romantic themes belongs also among others a "Joan of Arc", and a canvas called "Sir Isumbras at the Ford". This latter represents an old knight riding home at twilight covered with the dust of his day's work. At the ford he finds two children whom he takes on his horse to carry through the water. In this picture landscape and figures are more perfectly harmonized than in previous works of the painter. In the "Joan of Arc" Millais made clearly evident the mastery over mingled expression that has made him such a proficient in portrait painting. The maid's look of mingled pain, doubt and ecstasy of faith is well conceived. Unfortunately the very excellence with which the armour is painted somewhat diverts attention from the head. Of other pictures of an inventive nature I have only space left to enumerate: "The Boyhood of Raleigh", "The North West Passage", "The Princes in the Tower" and "The Princess Elizabeth in Prison at St-James". The first, a picture full of open air and sunlight, narrates how an old adventurer of the Spanish Main fills the youthful dreams of little Raleigh with stories of bold adventure, of Eldorado, of Aztecs and of Incas. The "North West Passage" also deals with the spirit of naval adventure. It represents an old mariner who grows excited over a tale of the North Pole search that a fair girl beside him reads aloud. The picture is especially remarkable for its admirable treatment of the textures and surfaces of the accessoires, where the happy mean between slavish imitation and careless suggestiveness is absolutely found. The head of the old seaman was painted from Trelawney, the friend of Byron and Shelley known also for his adventures in the Eastern seas, and as a



Philhellene, who continued to fight for the Greeks after the death of Byron. "The Princes" and "The Princess Elizabeth" are companion works. The Princes are not depicted as in the famous picture of Delaroche as crouching timidly upon their bed, but as standing fearful and anxious at the top of a staircase in the Tower, awaiting the approach of a murderer or a rescuer. The incarcerated Princess is the luckless daughter of Charles I, who died at the early age of fifteen after more than half her life had been spent in captivity. There is a sweet pathos and dignity in the face and attitude of the young girl who is depicted in the last stages of the wearing illness induced by her confinement. She is represented as in the act of writing to implore Parliament not to deprive her of her faithful servants.

The years 1863 and 1870 mark two periods in Millais's art and choice of themes. The former date saw the first of that series of child pictures which place the painter on a level with Sir Joshua Reynolds as a depicter of all that is sweetest and loveliest in humanity. "My first Sermon" was the forerunner of what was to become a long list of popular successes, in which the slightest incident in child life is taken advantage of to make a picture, a form of art unfortunately dealt



with to excess by the artist, and which has become the progenitor of a whole class of such nursery pictures from the brushes of our younger painters. Pretty enough in themselves they grow nauseous by repetition, owing to their inherent slightness and triteness of theme. But when "My first Sermon" was exhibited the idea was new, and very attractive was the little maiden, who sits demurely quiet in the family pew, gazing with awe and wonder at the man who is holding forth in the pulpit. Another delicious and unaffected picture of child life is "The Minuet", a little girl treading the stately measure with conscientious painstaking. It is easy to see from the painter's treatment of these fancy children and also from his child portraits that he is in tender sympathy with all that is lovely in childhood.

That his strength lay in contact with realities the artist clearly learnt more and more. It is this that makes his portraits so excellent. They are healthy, vigorous and direct presentiments, showing that close and keen observation which is his characteristic. Some of them will remain as historical documents to illustrate nineteenth century English history. First and foremost to that category belong two portraits of Mr. Gladstone, painted at different periods of his life. In the first Gladstone was represented as standing, dressed in plain black, his face thoughtful and dreamy. It was carried out in that peculiarly quiet and unaffected style that Millais always adopts when he has for his subject a man of strong individual character. In the second, Gladstone was seated, clad in the bright scarlet Doctor of Law's robes of the Oxford University. Here his face is militant and watchful. Millais has caught the curious mode in which Gladstone lifts up his eye when he addresses a person. "An eye like Mars to threaten and command" when it so pleases its owner. Under that fierce look mankind would have to cower, did not the mouth betray sensitiveness and weakness of determination. All Gladstone's faults and all his great qualities are summed up in a masterly manner in this portrait. Both will serve as historical landmarks in the statesman's career. The painting of the scarlet and pink robes, as ugly as they are voyant, is a technical masterpiece. The man as well as his robe is again put before us in a portrait of Cardinal Newman; a feast of color and a noble portrait. In his presentment of John Bright he has idealized all that is sturdy and bold in the great Radical's leonine head, while in his portrait of Disraeli he has made clearly evident the unstable, shifty, self-concentrated character of the statesman. In Lord Salisbury we see his insular doggedness and limitations well written on his face. He grapples with his subjects with the utmost energy of his perception. In his portraits of women Millais is unequal; they are often as remarkable for life and spirit as those of his male models; but at times they are apt to be overdressed and the human element is swamped by the finery. Still even this may be a true presentment did we know the original, but it spoils the pictures as works of true art. Among his happiest efforts in the portrait line is his own head painted for the Uffizi collection of great artists. This very British figure, dressed in thoroughly English out-door attire, contrasts strangely with the more picturesque attitudes and garments of the majority of painters there.

In 1871 Millais exhibited his first landscape pure and simple. This

"Chill October" remain his best effort in that branch, a department of art in which he was to prove as direct and honest as in his portraits. They are transcripts of the outer world recorded by an eye that sees with truth and strenuous purpose, whose sentiment is only that which is really present and which the spectator puts in from his own mind, which is not given to him ready made by the painter. They are not idealizations but realizations. Not numerous and all inspired by stern scotch scenery, they are all admirable. Of the "Cuckoo", which forms our chief illustration, an excellent story is told. It seems that when the picture was exhibited in Birmingham, the gallery was opened in the evening to the laboring class. A group of pitmen gathered round the landscape and one of them commended the work highly to his mates. "These flowers" he said "are just alive, and that pool of water is natural and so is the tree, but" here he paused looked round at his friends and then again at the picture, "but where on earth is the Cuckoo?"

Such briefly is this painter whose best force lies in his presentations of reality, in his attempts to show that interesting and pictorial materials lies to hand in our own times, an artist always strong when in contact with Mother Earth. Unquestionably he is a painter of genius, of rare ability, of great power, a fine colorist, a careful draughtsman, the most virile artist that the contemporary English school can boast. No wonder his nation takes pride in the man who so admirably represents in Art their national idiosyncracies.

Mr. Ernest Chesneau who has carefully and sympathetically studied Millais work writes: "Already in 1855, Millais gained general admiration by his works so strangely characteristic, and differing entirely from previous traditions. In 1867, the former Pre-Raphaelite, who had been carried to the verge of adoration by the minute reality of things, had freed his hand from the excessive chains of small truths in natural phenomenon but without disregarding the important role they held in expression. Since then the years that leads the Universal Exhibition of 1878, have conducted this master to most viril achievements in free art. In his "Royal Guard in the Tower of London" we have an incomparable portrait of a man. Excepting the headgear the costume is entirely of red cloth of a most brilliant scarlet. Mr. Millais has rendered this flourish in red without attenuation and with an extraordinary power of brilliancy. The face is full of character and life, although the brushwork may seem awkward in comparison with the brilliant dexterity of French painters, but under this appearance of timidity is

shown such a science in painting that the process seems to be suppressed in the endeavor to naively reproduce the multiplied tones of pinks, ochre and blues that are seen in juxtaposition on the thin, soft, finely wrinkled skin of the aged visage. The picture called "Whist à trois" is the portraits of three sisters seated around a card table, his portraits of the duke of Westminster and of Mrs. Bischoffsheim are also distinguished for their remarkable qualities. "Yes or No", a young girl asks herself if she will accept yes or no the fiancé whose letter she has just read, is a charming genre picture. "La Femme du Joueur", the gamblers wife is another genre picture with a dramatic intention. Acknowledged the excellence of his landscape pictures giving the warmest praise to the picture entitled "Among the Mountains, Scotland". So evident and unexpected is the truth of this painting that the most noted landscape painters of Europe might envy its power."

HELEN ZIMMERN.



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